

# UNCLE SAM

BY  
WILLIAM  
E.  
EISNER



A GREAT DARKNESS  
SWEEPS OVER THE  
COUNTRY.... EMPLOYEES IN  
PLANTS FILLING DEFENSE  
ORDERS ARE STRICKEN  
WITH A BAFFLING AND  
TERRIFYING BLINDNESS...

THE STRICKEN MEN POUR  
FROM THE FACTORIES WHILE  
SCREAMING AND CLAWING  
THEIR NOW LIFELESS EYES..



WORKERS AT  
SHIPYARDS HURTL  
TO EARTH AS THE  
DARKNESS  
SEIZES THEM



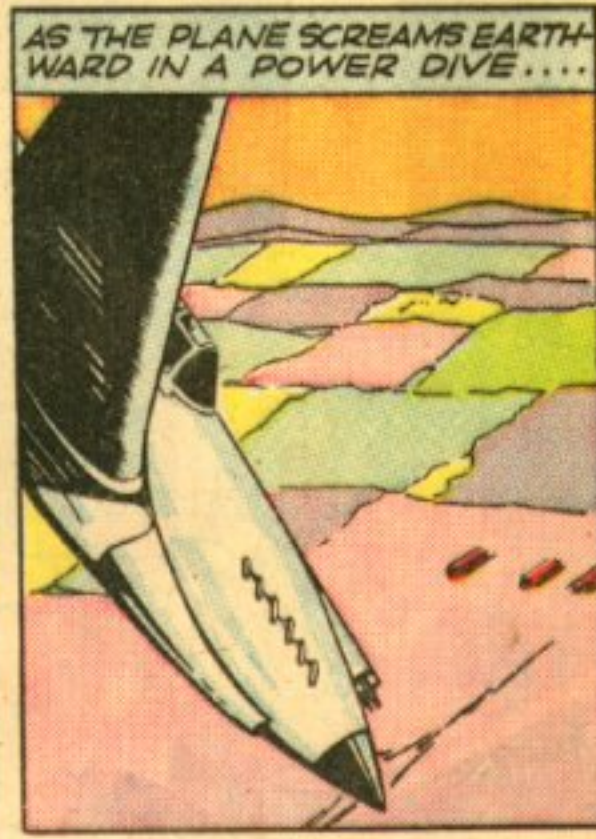
IN ONE OF THE STRICKEN DE-  
FENSE PLANTS, THE PRESIDENT  
DENOUNCES THE WORK OF THE  
F. B. I.



F.B.I.!  
BAH!!  
YOU'VE  
DONE  
NOTHING!

WE'VE  
DISCOVERED  
THAT EVERY MAN  
YOU'VE HIRED WAS  
A BLACK  
LEGION MEMBER  
!!







EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, UNCLE SAM PULLS BACK THE STICK, AND ROARS OVER THE FIELD...NOT 100 FEET FROM THE GROUND.....



UNCLE SAM CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS PILOT FROM THE PLANE....



THIS BOY IS BLIND!

THE NEXT DAY'S PAPERS.....



C'MON, BUDDY... WE'VE WORK TO DO!

THOUGH THE HOUR IS LATE, LIGHTS STILL BURN IN THE CAPITOL BUILDING IN WASHINGTON D.C.



THE PRESIDENT PRESIDES AT A CONFERENCE OF HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS....

I'LL HAVE THE ARMY TAKE OVER EVERY FACTORY... NO!! THE BLACK LEGION WOULD BOMB THEM! GIVE ME A FEW DAYS!



COWARDS ALWAYS STRIKE IN THE DARK... BUT BY GLORY!!... WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!



WORKING ON THE THEORY THAT SOUND NEVER DIES, UNCLE SAM PERFECTS A MACHINE FOR RECAPTURING PAST CONVERSATIONS...

THE AUDIPHONE IS FINISHED, BUDDY... NOW TO TEST IT!!



MEANWHILE.. AN AMPHIBIAN WINGS ITS WAY TOWARD A DESOLATE ROCKY ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC....



COMRADES... SOON THE BLACK LEGION WILL SEND ITS GREAT DARKNESS OVER THE ARMY CAMPS!!



IN THE LAB, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY TURN THE DIALS ON THEIR NEW MACHINE....



SHH..H..H.. SOMETHING'S COMING THROUGH!





WHAT **UNCLE SAM** AND **BUDDY** HEAR...

Four-score and seven years ago...

IT'S LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS...TURN THE DIAL....



AND THEN....

DEMOCRACY DIES.. BUT IN THE MEANTIME, COMRADES, NEVER FEAR.... THIS PACIFIC ISLAND IS IMPREGNABLE !!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR US, **BUDDY!!**



COME ON.... WE HAVE A LONG FLIGHT AHEAD!

GOSH OH GOLLY!



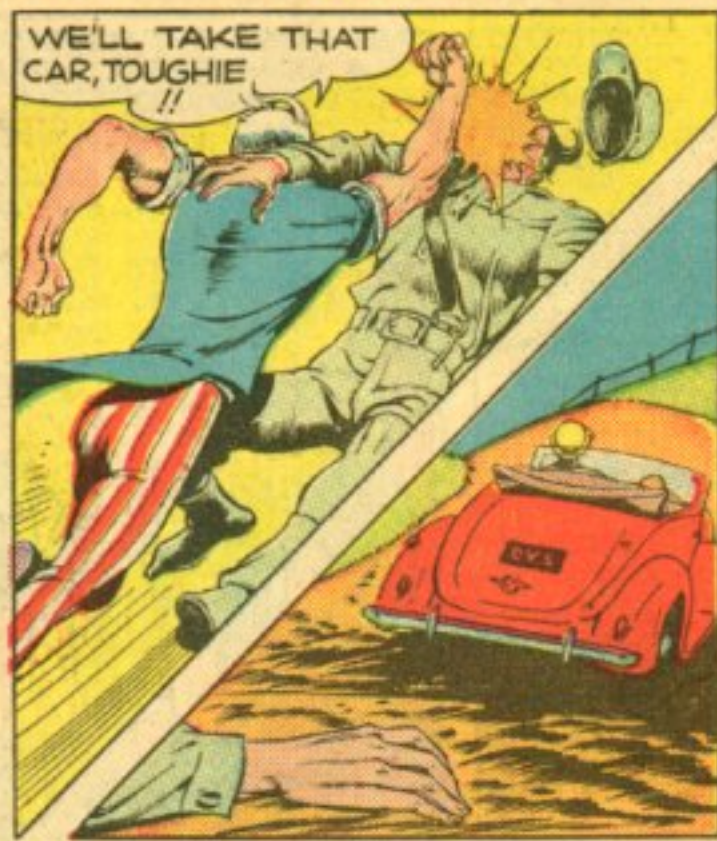
HOURS LATER...**UNCLE SAM** GLIDES HIS SHIP DOWN TOWARD A WEST COAST LANDING FIELD. A **BLACK LEGION** SEDAN IS HURRYING AWAY....

THERE GO THE DEVILS IN THAT CAR, **BUDDY!**



A **THUG** WITH A MACHINE GUN BARS **UNCLE SAM**'S RUSH TO THE HANGAR..

HOLD MY HAT, **BUDDY!!**



WE'LL TAKE THAT CAR, **TOUGHIE!!**



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...THEY CLOSELY PURSUE THE SEDAN AS IT REACHES A DRAWBRIDGE....

THE BRIDGE IS RAISING, **UNCLE SAM!**



AND WITH A BURST OF SPEED **UNCLE SAM** SENDS THE CAR HURTLING ACROSS THE BREACH AND DOWN THE OTHER SIDE...



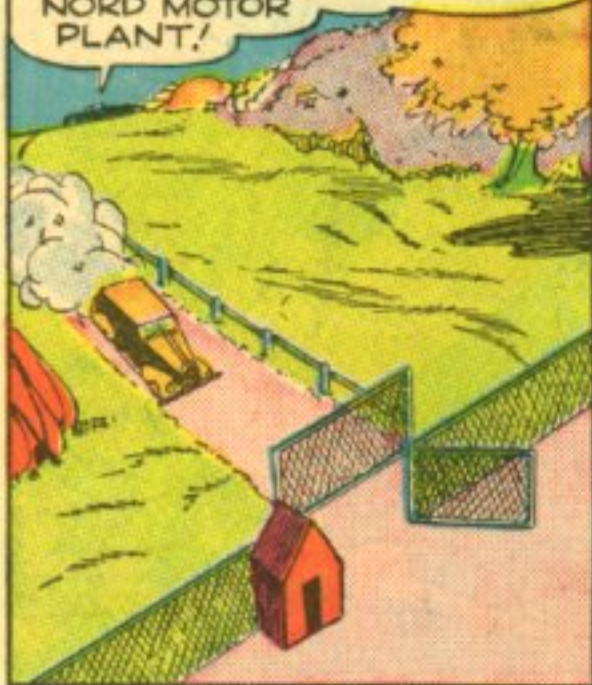
WHEW!! THEY THOUGHT THEY LOST US WHEN THAT BRIDGE WENT UP!

WE'RE GAINING ON 'EM!



THE FLEEING CAR ROARS INTO AN OPEN PLANT GATEWAY...

THEY'RE HEADING INTO THE NORD MOTOR PLANT!



THEY'VE CLOSED THE GATES AFTER THAT CAR! HOLD TIGHT, BUDDY... WE'RE CRASHING THIS PARTY!!



LIKE A BIG PROJECTILE THE CAR GOES THROUGH....



HEY, GUARDS!! STOP THOSE MEN!!



UNCLE SAM CATCHES THE BLACK LEGION MEN... AS HE POUNDS THEM, ONE ESCAPES...



STOP THAT MAN! STOP HIM, OR YOU'LL ALL BE BLIND!!



BEFORE HE CAN BE STOPPED, THE MAN EMPTIES A BAG OF POWDER INTO THE AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM...

START THE FIRE ALARM! GET OUT OF THE PLANT!



THAT STOPS THE AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM!



WITH FIRE WHISTLES BLOWING AND MEN POURING FROM THE PLANT, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY BOARD A FAST PLANE WHICH STANDS IN THE YARD....

WE'LL FIND THAT BLACK LEGION HANG-OUT!!





UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY HAVE BEEN IN THE AIR AN HOUR, WHEN...

HEY, UNCLE SAM!!  
LOOK!! A PLANE IS  
FOLLOWING US!

I'M NOT  
MUCH  
SURPRISED,  
BUDDY!

THE PURSUING SHIP COMES  
CLOSER, AND CAN'T BE  
SHAKEN OFF.....

HA!!  
SEE HOW  
THAT  
DUMBKOPF  
UNCLE  
SAM  
LIKES  
HOT LEAD,  
FRITZ!

BUT... HERE'S WHERE WE  
SHOW THESE DEVILS  
A TRICK OR TWO,  
BUDDY!

LOOK  
AT THOSE  
FOOLS  
DIVE!

WOW!! JUST AS I THOUGHT,  
SO N..... THEY COULDN'T  
PULL OUT OF THAT  
DIVE IN  
TIME!

GUESS WE'D OUGHTA  
DROP DOWN AND TRY  
TO PICK THOSE POOR  
BOOBS OUT OF THE  
WATER, BUDDY!

A LINE IS TOSSED TO THE  
NOW HELPLESS  
FOREIGNERS.....

HEY!!  
GRAB  
THIS!

WITH YOU BIRDS TUCKED  
SAFELY IN, WE'LL GO ON TO  
THAT SECRET ISLAND OF  
YOURS AND SEE  
WHAT'S WHAT!!



ON THE ISLAND OF THE SABOTEURS, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY OPEN A STEEL DOOR THAT LEADS TO....

CAREFUL! THEY MAY BE WAITING FOR US!

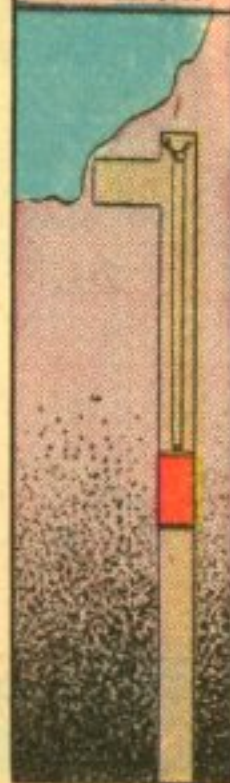


WHY!... IT'S JUST LIKE OUR APARTMENT ELEVATOR!

PRESS THE DOWN BUTTON, SON!

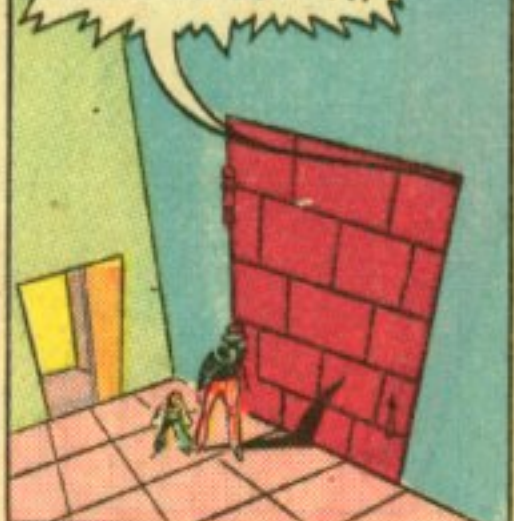


THEN...



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT, A STEEL DOOR LEADS TO A GREAT CONFERENCE ROOM....

...AND WE WILL OVERTHROW AMERICA IN TWO DAYS... ALREADY COMRADES, WE CONTROL EVERY VITAL INDUSTRY!!



YOU MEAN YOU DID CONTROL THEM!



KILL THESE DUMBKOPF MEDDLERS!



BUDDY HURLS A PARALYSIS BOMB, AND....

THAT'LL KEEP 'EM QUIET FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS!



LET'S GO, BUDDY... THEY'RE ALL OUT COLD!



AND ONCE AGAIN IN THEIR PLANE....

NOW TO THE NEAREST COAST GUARD STATION... THEY CAN PICK UP THOSE RATS ON THE ISLAND....

ALSO THE TWO THAT WE HAVE!



MEANWHILE... A RADIO STORE IN AMERICA....

...AND THE BLINDNESS STRUCK SIMULTANEOUSLY THIS MORNING AT CAMP SEELEY AND FT. HALL.... FOUR THOUSAND RECRUITS HAVE GONE BLIND SO FAR....





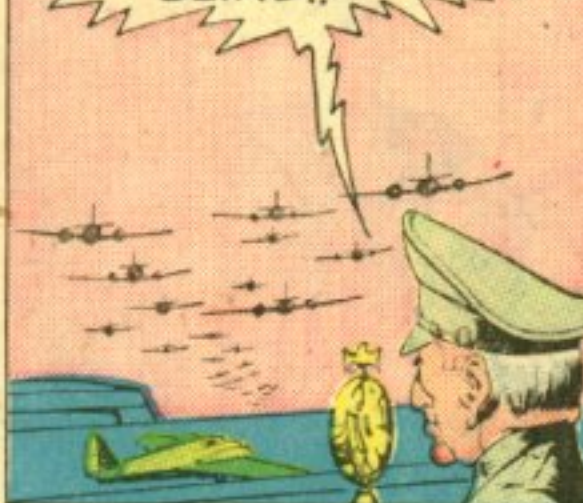
FAR ACROSS THE OCEAN, IN A FOREIGN CAPITOL.....

COMRADES OF THE **BLACK LEGION**...SOMETHING IS WRONG AT OUR AMERICAN BASE... RADIO CONTACT WITH IT HAS **CEASED**.... PROCEED WITH PLAN "K"....



THE FOREIGN **BLACK LEGION** DISPATCHES HUNDREDS OF PLANES TO AMERICA ON A FEARFUL MISSION....

...FLY OVER THE UNITED STATES... SCATTER YOUR CARGOES IN THE AIR... IN A WEEK, EVERYBODY IN AMERICA WILL BE **BLIND!!**



BUT **UNCLE SAM** AND **BUDDY** PICK UP THIS MESSAGE ON THE **AUDIPHONE**....

SO!!...THEY'RE GOING TO TRY **MASS BLINDNESS!**

SO LONG, **UNCLE SAM**.... I HAVE TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A **DOG!**



THE **QUARTERS** OF THE **COMMANDING OFFICER** OF A LARGE **ARMY AIR-BASE**....

THEY'RE HALFWAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC NOW.... THEY SHOULD BE HERE TOMORROW!

LAD, IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU AND YOUR **UNCLE** SO WELL, I'D SAY YOU WERE **CRAZY**.. BUT VERY WELL... WE'LL MEET THOSE DEVILS WITH **FIRE!**



MEANWHILE... **UNCLE SAM** READS A REPORT FROM A **STAFF OF FAMOUS DOCTORS**

...AND YOUR **FORMULA** HAS, IN EVERY TEST, PROVED **SUCCESSFUL** IN RESTORING SIGHT TO **BLINDED VICTIMS**....



GOOD! NOW I CAN GO AHEAD WITH MY PLAN TO **DEFEAT THE GREAT DARKNESS!**



LATER... AT THE **LOCKLEER AIRCRAFT PLANT**, WHERE **TEN THOUSAND BLACK LEGION WORKERS** HAVE NOW REPLACED THE **BLINDED EMPLOYEES**....

SCRAM, **STRIPED PANTS!!** THIS AIN'T NO **MASQUERADE!**



ONE SIDE, **TRAITOR!!** COME ON, **BUDDY**.... TO THE **AIR-CONDITIONING PLANT!**



**SHAKE A LEG, BUDDY!!**





NEXT MORNING.....

**EXTRA!!!**  
GREAT DARKNESS  
STRIKES  
WEST COAST  
FACTORIES  
SECOND  
TIME!!  
READ ALL  
ABOUT  
IT!

DAILY TRIBUNE  
OF WORKERS TAKEN  
BY STRANGE  
ATTACKS

IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN

GIVE, **UNCLE!!**  
DON'T TELL US  
THIRTY THOUSAND  
**BLACK LEGION**  
RATS **BLINDED**  
THEMSELVES!

YEAH!!!  
AND THAT  
AIR  
BATTLE  
OVER THE  
ATLANTIC..

TWO  
HUNDRED  
**BLACK LEGION**  
PLANES SHOT  
DOWN!!

GIVE ME ANOTHER DAY,  
BOYS... THE JOB ISN'T  
FINISHED!

THE U.S. ARMY ROUNDS UP  
SABOTEUR WORKERS IN  
FACTORIES ALL OVER THE LAND.  
THOUSANDS OF FORMER EM-  
PLOYEES, CURED OF BLINDNESS,  
RETURN TO WORK.....

PILE IN, YOU  
GUYS... YOU'RE  
ALL GOING  
T'HAVE A  
NICE LONG  
REST!!

AT ANOTHER DISTANT SPOT...

THAT  
POWDER  
FIXED 'EM,  
**UNCLE  
SAM!!**

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS TO  
THE NATION.....

THE **BLACK LEGION** HAS  
BEEN CRUSHED, AND THE  
DREADFUL BLINDNESS  
HALTED PERMANENTLY....  
THANKS TO **UNCLE SAM**,  
THE FREEDOM OF OUR  
NATION HAS AGAIN.....

ALONG THE NATION'S HIGHWAYS FILE THOUSANDS OF CAP-  
TIVE **BLACK LEGION** MEMBERS WHO HAD ALMOST  
WRECKED DEMOCRACY... THE MARCH OF THE BLIND RATS..  
.....TO PRISON.....

WHILE IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

HATEFUL ORGANIZATIONS  
WILL EVER SEEK TO CRUSH  
LIBERTY AND FREEDOM....  
BUT SO LONG AS AMERICANS  
LIVE IN THE SPIRIT OF  
DEMOCRACY, OUR COUNTRY  
WILL NEVER FALL!

'RAY  
**UNCLE  
SAM!!**



# Sally O'NEIL

## Policewoman

By FRANK KEARNS



WITH THREE BROTHERS ON THE FORCE, SALLY NATURALLY FOLLOWS TRADITION TO BECOME A POLICEWOMAN... BUT HER EXPLOITS ARE FAR FROM TRADITIONAL... IN FACT, SHE USUALLY KEEPS THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT BREATHLESS...

BARRY GILMORE, SALLY'S MOVIE ACTOR FRIEND HAS COME BACK TO TOWN..TONIGHT THEY STEP OUT FOR SOME FUN.

GOSH, BARRY IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU!

DITTO... AND NOW WE'LL MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME BY CELEBRATING AT LEN CARMEN'S CASINO!



HALFWAY ACROSS THE BROAD SPAN A CROWD HAS GATHERED.







COME ON, BARRY.. CASEY SAYS HE DOESN'T NEED ME.. THE SQUAD IS HERE ALREADY!



CROSSING THE BRIDGE, THEY ARRIVE SHORTLY AT CARMEN'S CASINO HIGH ON THE BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.

I READ THAT ZARO, THE HYPNOTIST IS HERE TONIGHT. SOUNDS GOOD, SAL..



INSIDE, THE FLOOR SHOW IS BEGINNING.. THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES INTRODUCES THE FIRST FEATURE..

YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM.. YOU'VE READ OF HIM.. AND NOW YOU SEE HIM! ZARO, THE GREATEST MIND READER ON EARTH!



ZARO DIRECTS HIS PIERCING GAZE TO A WOMAN AND THEN ANSWERS HER UN-SPOKEN QUESTION.

YES, MADAM YOUR HUSBAND STILL LOVES YOU!



THE MIND READER PASSES TO SALLY NEXT...

YOU WILL THINK OF A QUESTION FOR ME TO ANSWER?

YES, YOU FAKIR! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT ACCIDENT ON THE BRIDGE?



ZARO STARTS IN SURPRISE.

IF I WERE YOU, YOUNG LADY, I WOULDN'T HARBOR SUCH GRUESOME THOUGHTS!



EVERYONE LAUGHS BUT ZARO CONTINUES TO STARE AT SALLY.. SHE TWISTS NERVOUSLY IN HER CHAIR..



BARRY.. I F-FEEL DIZZY.. TAKE ME HOME PLEASE!

OF COURSE, SALLY!



THEY DRIVE OFF INTO THE COOL NIGHT.. SUDDENLY..

SALLY! WE'RE DOIN' SIXTY! WHY ARE YOU OPENING THE DOOR?



THE CAR LURCHES CRAZILY TO A STOP AS BARRY GRABS HER.



BARRY SHAKES SALLY OUT OF HER TRANCE.. HE TAKES THE WHEEL AGAIN.



AT CARMEN'S, SALLY AND BARRY CREEP QUIETLY TO THE MANAGER'S WINDOW.



THE FRIGHTENED BANKER IS BROUGHT TO ZARO..



FALK WALKS OUT, HYPNOTIZED.



SUDDENLY...



BARRY RETURNS THE BLOW ANGRILY BUT...





THE THUGS LEAD SALLY AND BARRY TO LEN CARMEN'S PRIVATE OFFICE . . .

BOSS, WE CAUGHT 'EM SPYIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW!

NO MATTER . . . I'LL GET RID OF THEM BOTH NOW!

SALLY FUMBLES IN HER PURSE . . .



ZARO! I THOUGHT YOU DISPOSED OF HER!

SO DID I, LEN!



STOP HER, ZARO! SHE MIGHT HAVE A GUN!



DON'T WORRY, BOYS . . . NO GUNS . . . IF I'VE GOT TO GO TO HEAVEN, I'D LIKE TO POWDER MY NOSE FIRST . . .



BUT, ZARO . . . I THINK YOUR EYES NEED THE POWDER MORE!



CLEVER DAME, AREN'T YOU? ZARO, YOU'RE A BLUNDERING IDIOT FOR LETTING HER GET THE BEST OF YOU!



BEFORE CARMEN CAN FIRE, BARRY GIVES HIS DESK A HEALTHY SHOVE . . .

THE MANAGER'S HENCHMEN JOIN THE FIGHT . . . SOON BEDLAM RULES THE OFFICE . . .

E-O--OUCH!



CRACK

CRACK



IN THE GENERAL CONFUSION, SALLY AND BARRY FLEE THROUGH THE WINDOW.



OUTSIDE IT IS PITCH BLACK. THE PURSUING THUGS ARE STARTLED BY A SHRILL CRY.



THE KILLERS DASH TO INVESTIGATE. THEY CAN BARELY SEE A FOOT AHEAD AND THEY DON'T SEE BARRY OR SALLY AT ALL.



AT THIS MOMENT LEN CARMEN AND ZARO ARRIVE.



SATISFIED, THEY TURN BACK TO THE CASINO.



HERE WE ARE, BROTHERS!



WITH THEIR COATS, SALLY AND BARRY WRAP THE TWO VILLAINS LIKE MUMMIES.



AFTER YOU'VE DUMPED CARMEN IN THE RUMBLE SEAT, BARRY, TAKE THIS OTHER BUNDLE OF JOY!

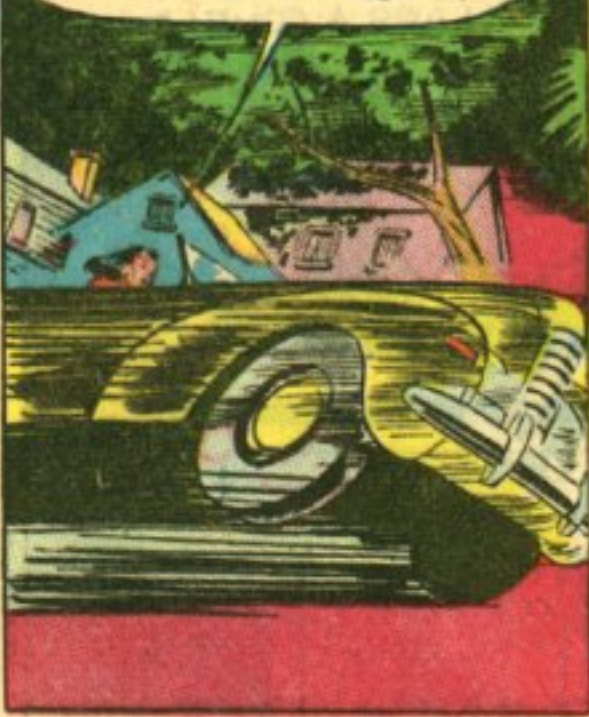


FORTUNATELY, THIS IS AS FAR AS IT WILL CLOSE. THEY'LL HAVE ENOUGH AIR!





NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET TO GREGORY FALK'S HOUSE! GOOD I READ THE ADDRESS IN A SOCIETY COLUMN!



THEY PULL UP BEFORE A SWANKY SKYSCRAPER APARTMENT BUILDING.



FALK'S CAB JUST PULLED AWAY... THAT MEANS WE'RE IN TIME!

BUT AS THEY GET TO THE ELEVATOR...



TOO LATE!

SLAM



NO USE CHASING UP THE STAIRS, BARRY! HE'D PROBABLY LOCK THE DOOR.. ATTENDANT, WOULD YOU PLEASE PLUG A LINE IN THE SWITCHBOARD?

YES, MA'M.

OPERATOR... HAVE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT SAFETY NET CREW COME TO 1 LARK AVENUE IMMEDIATELY! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES THE ENGINE COMES TEARING DOWN THE STREET.



THERE'S THE GUY..PERCHED ON THE NINTH FLOOR!

CLANG! CLANG!

THE NET'S READY. HE'S JUMPIN'!



THE FORCE OF THE FALL BRINGS FALK OUT OF HIS TRANCE...



WHEW! N-NARROW ESCAPE, M-MISS O'NEIL..Y-YOU SAVED MY L-LIFE!



THESE TWO FRESHLY WRAPPED CABBAGES ARE CARMEN AND ZARO! BOOK THEM BOTH FOR MURDER, SERGEANT.. NOW LET'S FINISH THE EVENING, BARRY!

SALLY MEETS NEW THRILLS AND DANGER IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.



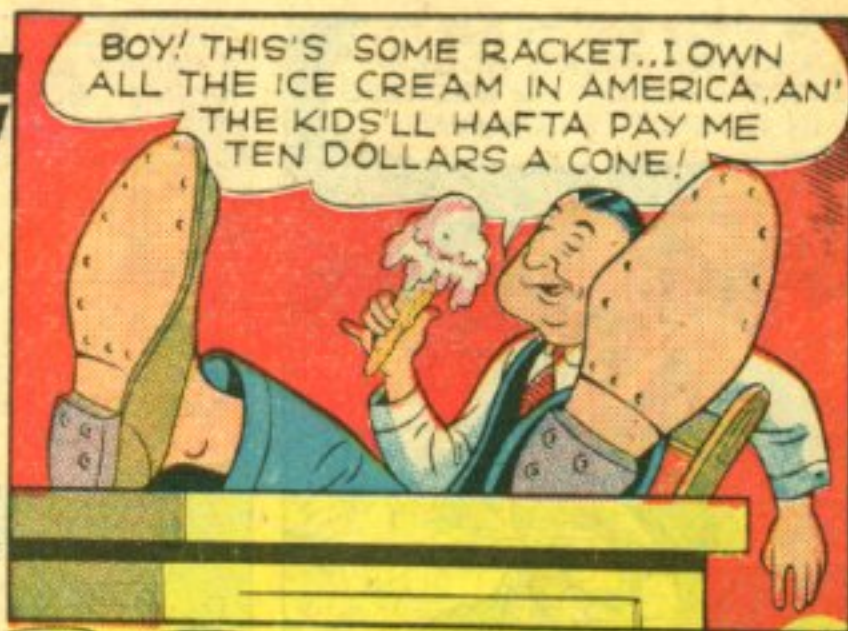
# CYCLONE cupid

HE AIN'T STUPID!

BUNNY CRUMB, A GANGSTER, HAS TAKEN OVER ALL THE ICE CREAM PLANTS IN AMERICA!

by  
GILL  
FOX

BOY! THIS'S SOME RACKET..I OWN ALL THE ICE CREAM IN AMERICA, AN' THE KIDS'LL HAFTA PAY ME TEN DOLLARS A CONE!



CYCLONE CUPID!

YEAH, AN' I HEARD ALL ABOUT YOUR ICE CREAM CONTROL RACKET!



OH, YA DON'T LIKE MY COMPANY, EH?

ICE CREAM PLANT



YA NEED THIS RAP, SAP!

BOP!



AH! HE FELL IN THAT VAT OF SOFT ICE CREAM! I'LL FIX HIM!

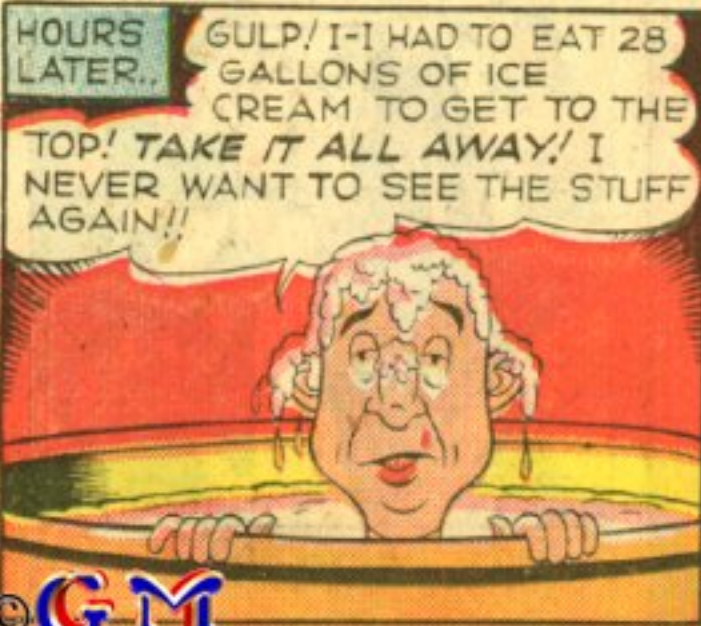


I'LL PRESS THIS FREEZING BUTTON..WHEN TH' ICE CREAM FREEZES, HE'LL HAFTA EAT HIS WAY OUT!

ICE CREAM FREEZER  
PRESS TO FREEZE



HOURS LATER.. GULP! I-I HAD TO EAT 28 GALLONS OF ICE CREAM TO GET TO THE TOP! TAKE IT ALL AWAY! I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE STUFF AGAIN!!



TEN TONS OF ICE CREAM IN EVERY KID'S CELLAR..THAT'S MY MOTTO!

..AN' IT'S ALL STRAWBERRY!





# KID DIXON

By  
Bob  
Reynolds



**H**OLLYWOOD.. HIS CROSS-COUNTRY JUNKET BRINGS THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION AND HIS MANAGER, "BOTTLE" TOPPS TO THE CELLULOID CAPITAL . . . .



THE CHAMP IS QUICK TO ADOPT THE PREVAILING FASHION . .

WHAT TOOK YA SO LONG, TOPPS?

YE GADS AN' LITTLE TAILORS! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU BEEN SHOVELLED OUTA SOME-BODY'S BASEMENT!

YOU CAN GO HOLLYWOOD, KID. BUT YOU'RE A SUCKER FOR A PRETTY FACE AN' THIS MILK-STOP IS CRAWLIN' WITH 'EM!

NOW, LAY OFF THE LADIES, UNNERSTAN'?

YEAH.. YEAH... I BEEN WAITIN' AN HOUR FOR YA.



I JUST SIGNED YOU UP FOR ONE MATCH FOR OTIS BARNSTABLE, THE PROMOTER.

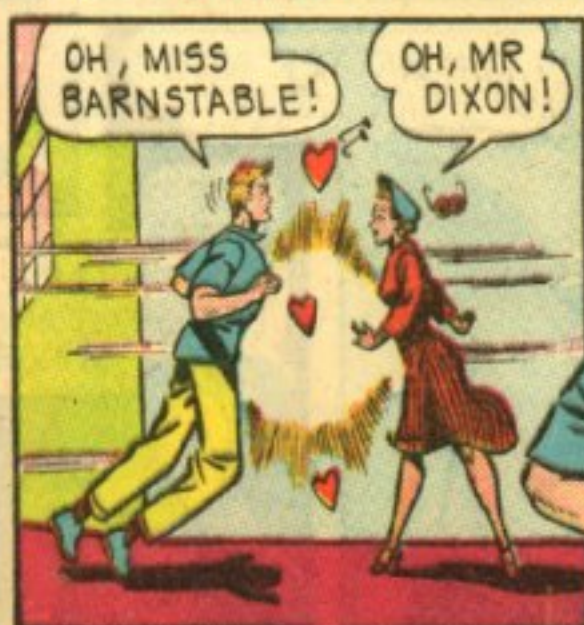
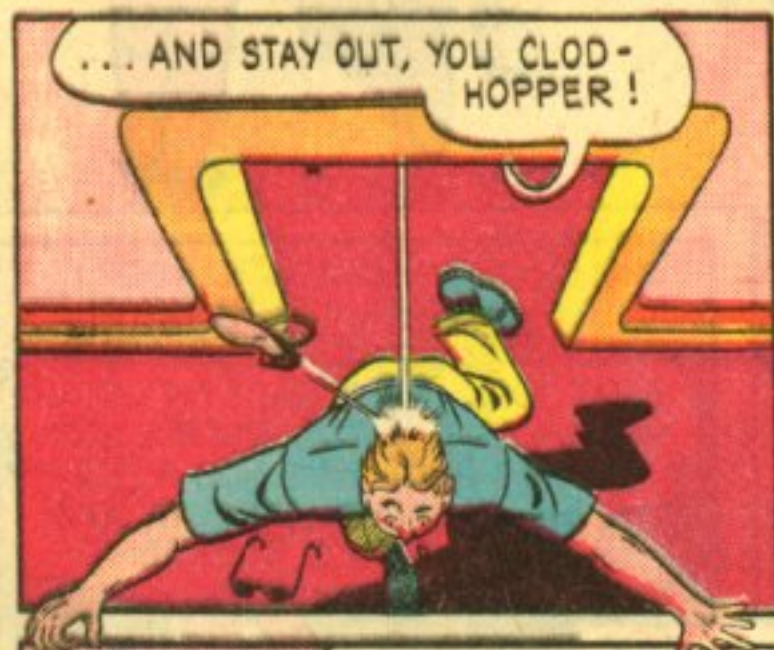
HEY!

WHAT'S A MATTER WITH ME? I CAN WRITE!

IF I DO THE FIGHTIN', I DO THE SIGNIN'! THAT DOCUMENT AIN'T KOPASETIC WITHOUT MY CROSS!

OTIS  
BARNSTABLE  
ENTERPRISES







SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

WOTTA GIRL!  
I'M GONNA  
STAY HERE

AN' LET HER PROMOTE ALL  
MY FUTURE FIGHTS!

I KNEW  
IT.. I KNEW IT!

THE SHAPE YOU'RE IN,  
YER LUCKY IF YOU CAN  
STUMBLE THROUGH  
TONIGHT'S  
BOÛT!

THAT NIGHT.. IN HIS DRESSING  
ROOM, DIXON WAITS THROUGH  
THE PRELIMINARIES...

AH, STOP WORRYING...  
WHAT TIME IS IT?

THE EVENT  
BEFORE  
YOURS  
SHOULD BE  
STARTIN'!

WHAT'S THAT.. A CONVENTION FILING  
THROUGH THE CORRIDOR?

I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR...

YA GOT THE ACT  
DOWN STRAIGHT  
NOW, BOYS?

THE FIGHT WILL BE AN OBVIOUS PHONY.. THEN THE REFEREE  
WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR YOU TO START THE RIOT..  
MAKE IT ROUGH AND NOISY....

OKAY,  
CHALKY.

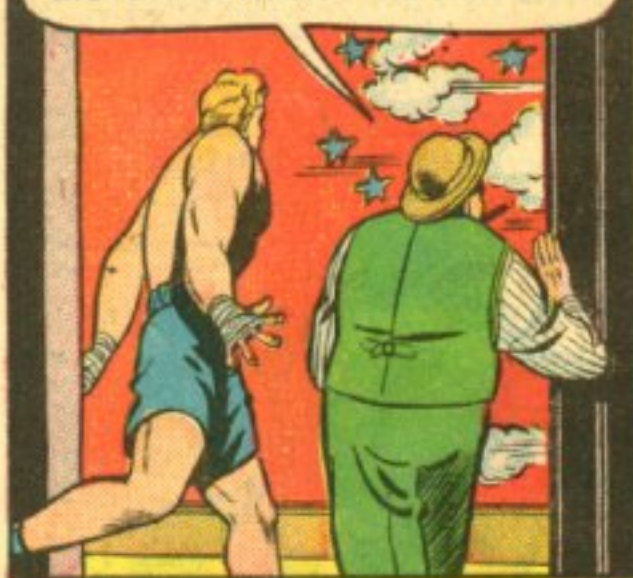
HA HA.. WE'LL SHOW THE  
BOXING COMMISSION THAT  
BARNSTABLE CAN'T KEEP  
THINGS UNDER CONTROL..  
THEN I STEP IN AN' TAKE  
OVER THE INDUSTRY....

HEY, KID! IT'S CHALKY  
SLADE.. HE'S FRAMIN'  
FRIEND OTIS!

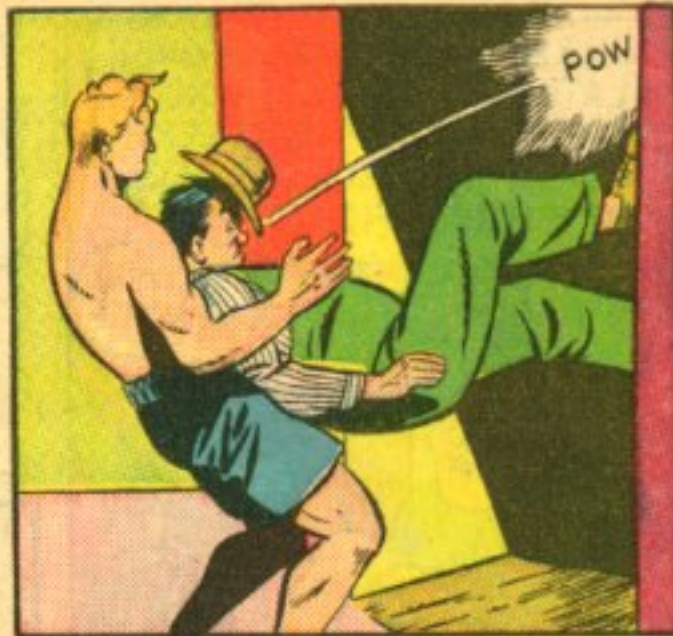
AFTER SOME ROUNDS, THE PAID HOOD-  
LUMS WHIP UP A ROWDY RIOT...



LISTEN TO THAT... THE RIOT'S ON!

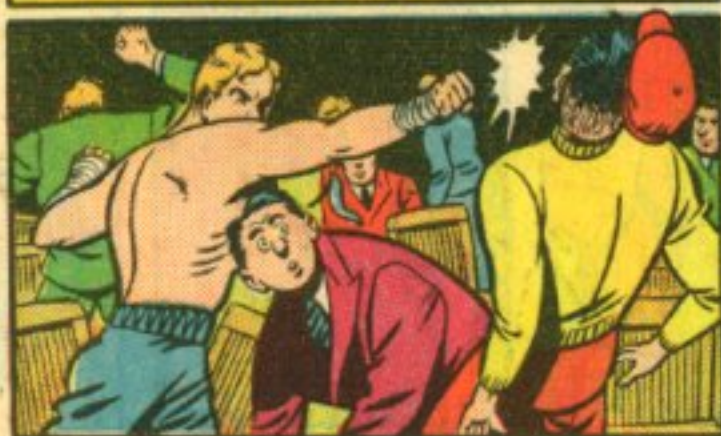


WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS!



THE AROUSED BATTLER SPEARS INTO THE THICK OF THE TURMOIL.

WINDING THROUGH THE WRITHING HUMANITY, HE PICKS OFF CHALKY'S RUFFIANS ONE BY ONE...



YOU NEED A REST, MISTER!



TELL CHALKY I'LL SAVE HIM A NICE ONE!



AN' NOW FOR THAT REFEREE!



ONCE OVER LIGHTLY FOR YOU, REF!



I'M WISE TO THE WHOLE CROOKED PLOT! NOW GET UP TO THAT "MIKE" AND SING!



ATTENTION!... ER... CHALKY SLADE ENGINEERED THE WHOLE THING... TO DEMORALIZE THE BOXING SITUATION TO HIS OWN SELFISH ADVANTAGE...



NOW GET IN THERE AN' REFEREE... I'M GOIN' THROUGH WITH MY MATCH!

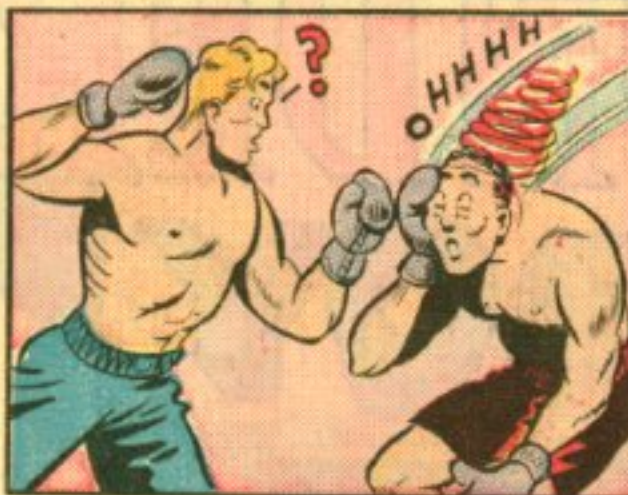




A TENSE HUSH FALLS OVER THE FANS AS THE BELL SOUNDS FOR THE MAIN EVENT...



THE CHAMP COCKS HIS FIST AT HIS NERVE-SHATTERED OPPONENT.



TH-THE W-WINNAH, IN IN SECOND OF THE F-FIRST ROUND...

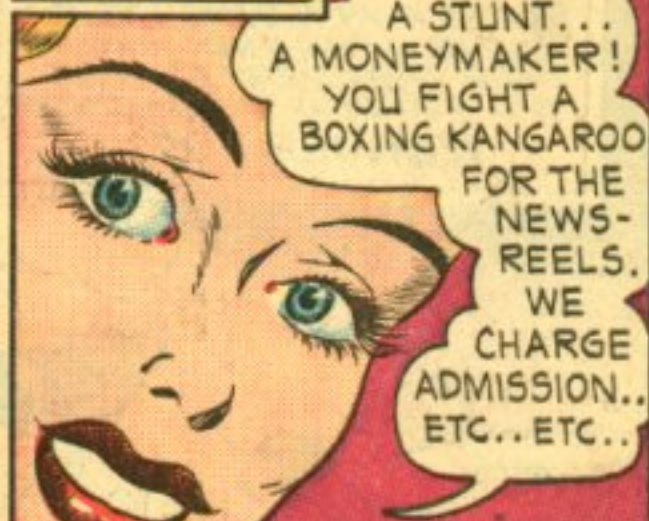


OH, DANNY.. YOU'RE WONDERFUL.. YOU SAVED THE DAY! WE'RE GOING PLACES, WE TWO! I'VE GOT A LOT OF PROMOTIONAL IDEAS...

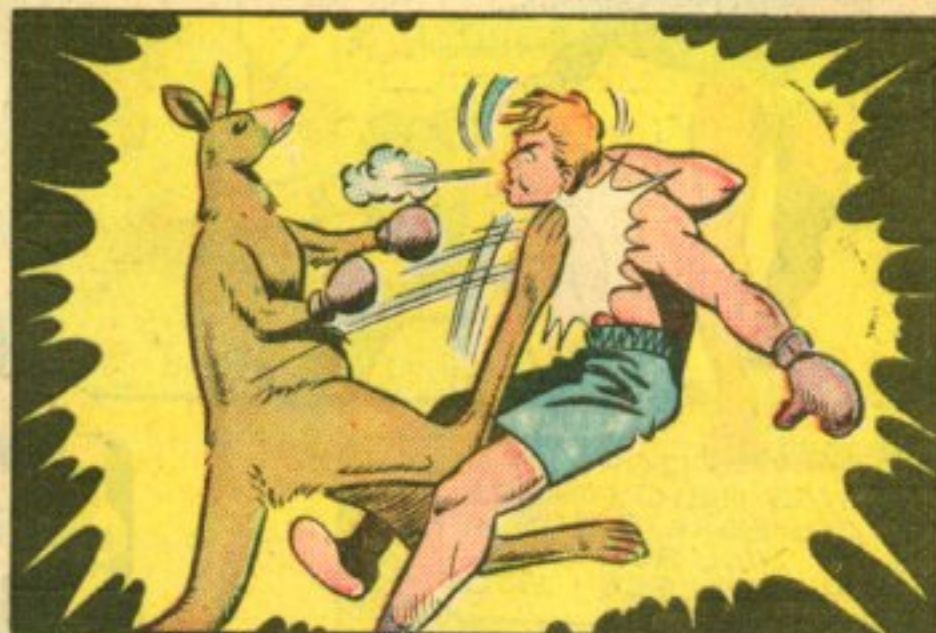
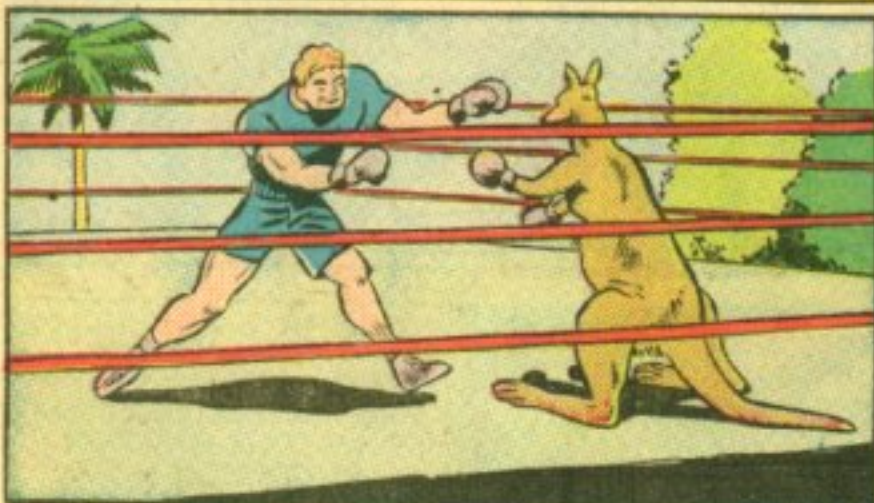


DAYS LATER..

I'VE A PIP OF A STUNT... A MONEYSMAKER! YOU FIGHT A BOXING KANGAROO FOR THE NEWS-REELS. WE CHARGE ADMISSION.. ETC.. ETC..



CONFIDENTLY, DANNY DANCES AND FEINTS AT THE WELL-TRAINED ANIMAL



I'VE.. UH.. CHANGED MY MIND.. THAT GAL IS **TOO** FULL OF IDEAS! YOU'RE THE BOSS, TOPPS.. WHERE DO WE MOSEY FROM HERE?



"WE'LL LEAVE THE KANGAROO IN THIS BOOK, FANS, AN' FORGET ABOUT 'IM. C'MON AROUND NEXT MONTH, WHEN I GOT ONLY HUMAN BEIN'S TO CONTEND WITH..."



Kid Dixon







# WONDER BOY

BY JERRY MAXWELL

**SPIES** PLAY A DANGEROUS GAME WHEN THEY MATCH THEIR TREACHERY AGAINST THE AMAZING STRENGTH OF WONDER BOY. . .



**WONDER BOY** IS WATCHING A LITTLE BOY SKATING DOWN A STEEP HILL. . .

GEE..THAT KID IS TAKING A DANGEROUS CHANCE.. WHAT IF A CAR SPEEDS BY WHEN HE CROSSES THE HIGHWAY?

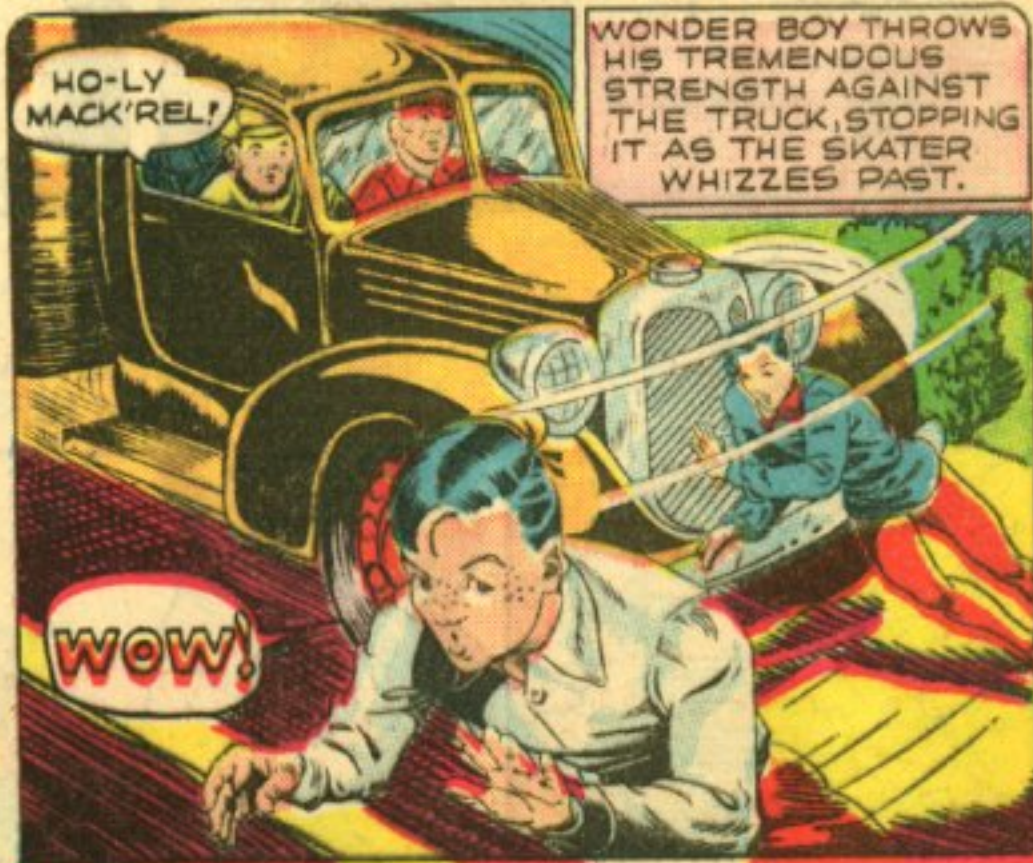
OOH! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THERE COMES A BIG TRUCK .. IT WILL RUN OVER HIM UNLESS I STOP IT!



HO-LY MACK'REL!

**WONDER BOY** THROWS HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AGAINST THE TRUCK, STOPPING IT AS THE SKATER WHIZZES PAST.

**WOW!**





BUT THE TRUCKMEN DON'T WAIT FOR QUESTIONS.

A MOTORCYCLE COP RIDES UP.

HEY THERE, KID!

WHERE DO YOU GET ALL THAT STRENGTH?

OH, I DUNNO! WHY?

IF YOU CAN SHOVE TRUCKS AROUND YOU CAN SURE HELP US OUT IN TOWN! JONAS FALCONI, THE INVENTOR IS TRAPPED IN HIS HOUSE! IT WAS BLOWN UP!

SURE... I'LL HELP! YOU WANT ME TO GET HIM OUT?

AT THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION, WONDER BOY DIGS IN AND DEBRIS BEGINS TO FLY.

SUDDENLY.

OH! HANDS STICKING OUT! IT MUST BE THE INVENTOR!

QUICKLY WONDER BOY SCOOPS UP THE INJURED MAN, WHILE THE CROWD BUZZES IN ASTONISHMENT AT HIS FEAT.

FALCONI IS PLACED IN A WAITING AMBULANCE.

FIND MY PLANS FOR THE STRATOSPHERE TORPEDO AND TAKE THEM TO THE NAVY DEPARTMENT!

SURE, I'LL DO THAT!

WONDER BOY FINDS THE PLANS IN THE RUINS.

THESE ARE IMPORTANT! I'LL HURRY TO WASHINGTON!

BUT ACROSS THE WAY TWO MEN ARE WATCHING HIM.

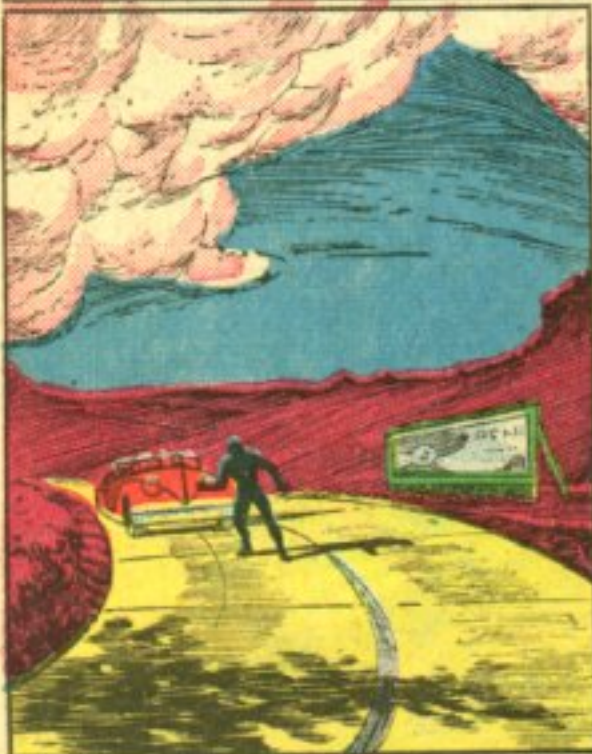
WHEN WONDER BOY STARTS OFF ON HIS CROSS-COUNTRY JAUNT.

THEY FOLLOW.

WE WERE TOO SLOW! NOW THAT KID HAS THE BLUEPRINTS AND WE'VE GOT TO RUN HIM DOWN AND GRAB THEM!



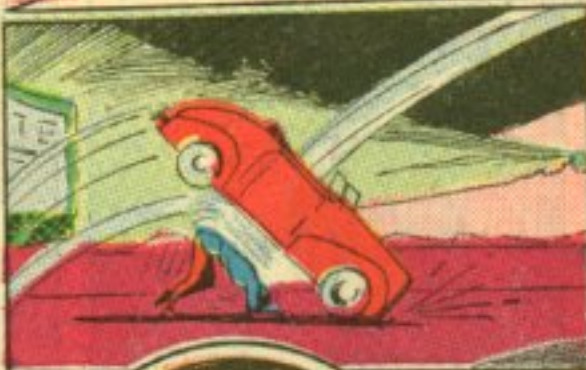
THE CAR SNEAKS UP NOISELESSLY BEHIND HIM.



WONDER BOY SENSES THE DANGER AND DROPS FLAT ON THE HIGHWAY.



AND AS THE CAR PASSES OVER HIM, HE ARCHES HIS BODY, CATAPULTING THE MEN INTO THE AIR.



SHAKING THE TREE, WONDER BOY KNOCKS THEM SENSELESS AS THEY FALL.



ONCE MORE HE IS ON HIS WAY.



THE MEN PHONE FOR A PLANE TO PURSUE HIM.



THE PLANE ZOOMS DOWN BUT MISSES WONDER BOY AS HE DIVES TO THE SIDE.



AS THE PLANE TRIES TO LAND, WONDER BOY UPROOTS A TREE AND HEAVES IT AT THE FUSELAGE.



SORRY I HAVE TO WRECK A SWELL SHIP LIKE THAT!

THE MEN EMERGE FROM THE CRACK-UP ONLY TO MEET HARD CRACKS BY WONDER BOY'S FISTS.



THEY'RE OUT OF THE WAY, AND NOW I CAN CONTINUE TO WASHINGTON!



AGAIN ONE OF THE CROOKS MAKES A CALL TO THE BOSS.







I'LL HANDLE THAT BRAT MYSELF WITH STRATEGY INSTEAD OF FORCE!

RACING ONWARD TO WASHINGTON, WONDER BOY STOPS BESIDE AN OVERTURNED WAGON OF WATERMELONS.



GOSH, MISTER, YOU HAD QUITE AN ACCIDENT!! I'LL LEND A HAND!

WITH A FLURRY OF SPEED, WONDER BOY TIPS BACK THE WAGON AND RELOADS IT.



YUM! I COULD EAT ONE OF THESE MYSELF!

THERE, THEY ARE ALL BACK IN THE WAGON!



GOOD WORK, SONNY! NOW YOU TAKE THIS NICE RIPE ONE AND HAVE A FEAST!

GEE..THANKS A LOT, SIR.



OH BOY! IS THIS A TREAT!



SUDDENLY HE FEELS WEAK AND FALLS IN THE ROAD..

WHAT'S THIS? THE FARMER LEFT HIS WAGON AND..



OH-OH! HE SNATCHED THE ROLL OF BLUE-PRINTS! DARN CLEVER! HE DOPED THAT MELON BUT DIDN'T KNOCK ME OUT ALTOGETHER!



WONDER BOY DRAGS HIMSELF DOWN THE HIGHWAY TO A BRIDGE.

A COOL DIP WILL FIX ME FINE!



HE PLUNGES FROM THE HIGH SPAN..

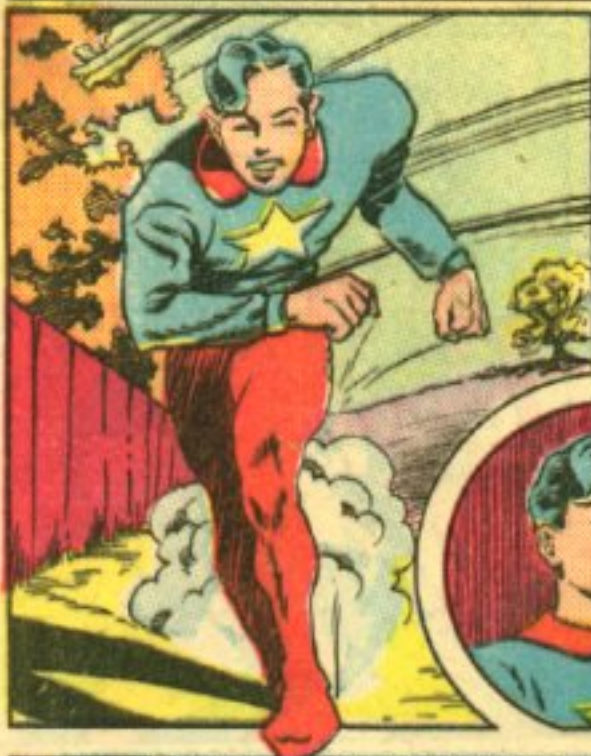


REVIVED, HE SWIMS TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE.

GOLLY, THIS FEELS GOOD!



CUTTING THROUGH MEADOWS, OVER HILLS, WONDER BOY RACES LIKE THE WIND.



SUDDENLY HE SEES A CAR PULLING INTO AN ALLEY-WAY.



QUICKLY, WONDER BOY RUNS TO THE MACHINE, FOLLOWING IT AS IT PARKS, BUT KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT.



THE PLANS ARE IN THAT CAR?

THE SPY GOES TO WORK IMMEDIATELY, MAKING PHOTO-STATIC COPIES OF THE PLANS.



HMM.. DOOR'S LOCKED. I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND IT OPEN!



WONDER BOY LOSES NO TIME BURSTING IN THROUGH THE DOOR.



WHO'S THERE?



NOW WHO DO YOU THINK IT IS??



THE SPY, IN AN ATTEMPT TO SNATCH THE PLANS, TOUCHES A HIGH VOLTAGE CONNECTION.



WONDER BOY FINALLY GETS THE PLANS BACK AND LEAVES THE WRECKED BUILDING.



I'M OFF AGAIN FOR WASHINGTON.

AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

YOU'VE CERTAINLY DONE OUR COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE, WONDER BOY.

OH WELL, I ENJOYED THE WALK HERE!



DON'T MISS WONDER BOY'S NEXT ADVENTURE IN NATIONAL COMICS.

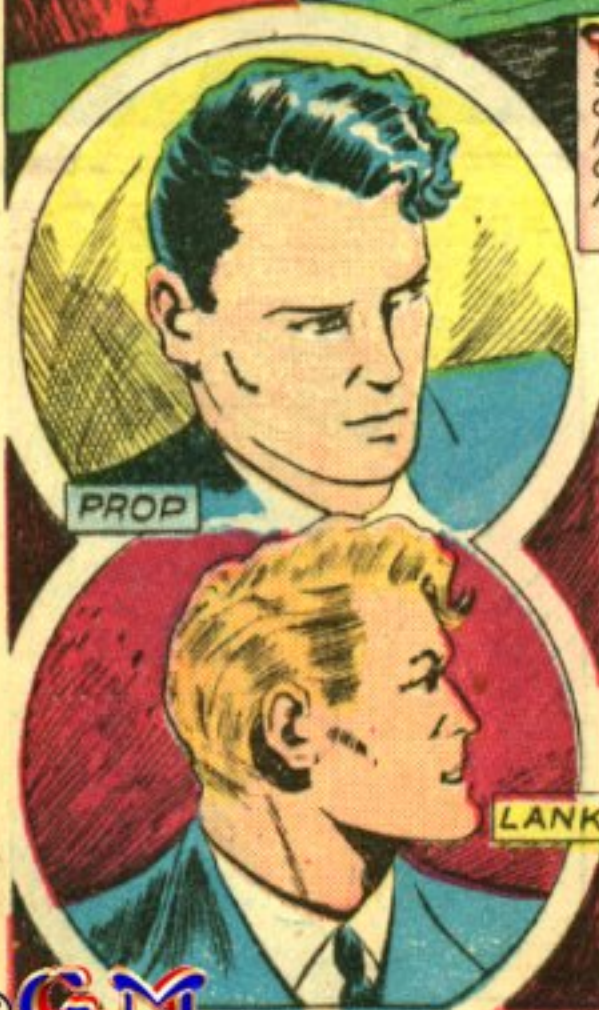


# Prop POWERS

By Lynn Byrd



THE U.S. COAST GUARD KEEPS STRICT VIGILANCE OVER OUR COASTLINES TO OUTWIT MODERN PIRATES. . . HEROES OF THE SERVICE ARE PROP POWERS AND HIS HILLBILLY PAL, LANK.



PROP

LANK

STATIONED AT THE SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA BASE, PROP AND LANK ARE OFF DUTY ONE NIGHT.

WE OUGHT TO BUST UP THOSE SMUGGLERS THIS WEEK, LANK.

YEAH, AH SHO' WOULD LIKE A WHACK AT 'EM!



SUDDENLY AN ORIENTAL DUCKS INTO A NARROW ALLEY AHEAD OF THEM.

COAST GUARDSMEN! THEY'RE SHADOWING ME! I MUST TAKE NO RISK... SIMPLY KILL THEM.





BUT HE ISN'T FAST ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THEIR ALERT EYES.



GO AROUND THE BLOCK, LANK, TO CATCH HIM AT THE OTHER END?



YELLOW GUN FLAME MEETS PROP AT THE ALLEY'S MOUTH.



AT THE OTHER END OF THE ALLEY, LANK MEETS SUDDEN OPPOSITION.





PROP RUNS AT TOP SPEED ACROSS THE QUAY AND ONTO A DESERTED FISHING BOAT WHARF.

DARN MY LUCK! THE ORIENTAL HAS CAPTURED LANK SO I'VE GOT TO RUSH MY VICTIMS TO THE BASE.. AND FOLLOW THAT BOAT IN MY PLANE!



SOON AFTER, AT THE COAST GUARD BASE..

GET INSIDE! YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOME TALKING!



HE SHOVES HIS CAPTIVES INTO THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE.

LANK WAS KIDNAPPED BY THESE RUFFIANS' ALLY. I'M MAKING FATTY LEAD ME TO THEIR HIDE-OUT.



THESE MEN HAVE BEEN SUSPECTED OF SMUGGLING ALIENS, PROP. THEY'RE DANGEROUS. FIND LANK BUT WATCH YOUR STEP!



MOMENTS LATER, PROP FERRIES HIS FAT CAPTIVE TO THE PATROL SHIP.



ABOARD THE PLANE..

WHERE DID THE ORIENTAL TAKE MY CHUM IN THE SPEEDBOAT? TALK OR ELSE!



WITH PROP AT THE CONTROLS, THE PLANE RISES ABOVE THE SEA.

I TALK! FLY SOUTH, SENOR.



OKAY.. BUT DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS. THOSE HANDCUFFS WON'T SNAP!

THE ENGINES DRONE AT FULL SPEED. BELOW THEM LIE SCATTERED FISHING VILLAGES.



THEES IS WHERE MY GANG EES, SENOR, BUT THEY WILL KEEL YOU AND ME TOO!

I'LL UNLOCK YOUR HANDCUFFS BUT DON'T LEAVE THE CABIN!













# QUICKSILVER

THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD  
BY NICK CARDY



THE  
THUNDERING  
RIGHTER OF  
WRONGS NOW  
CATAPULTS HIM-  
SELF INTO NEW  
TROUBLE, WHICH  
MELTS BEFORE HIS  
BLITZKRIEG  
METHODS..



NOW, BARNEY, THIS IS FOR  
TELLIN' TH' D.A. WHO YOU  
WERE GONNA TAKE TH'  
RAP FOR IN  
TH' TRUCKIN'  
RACKET!

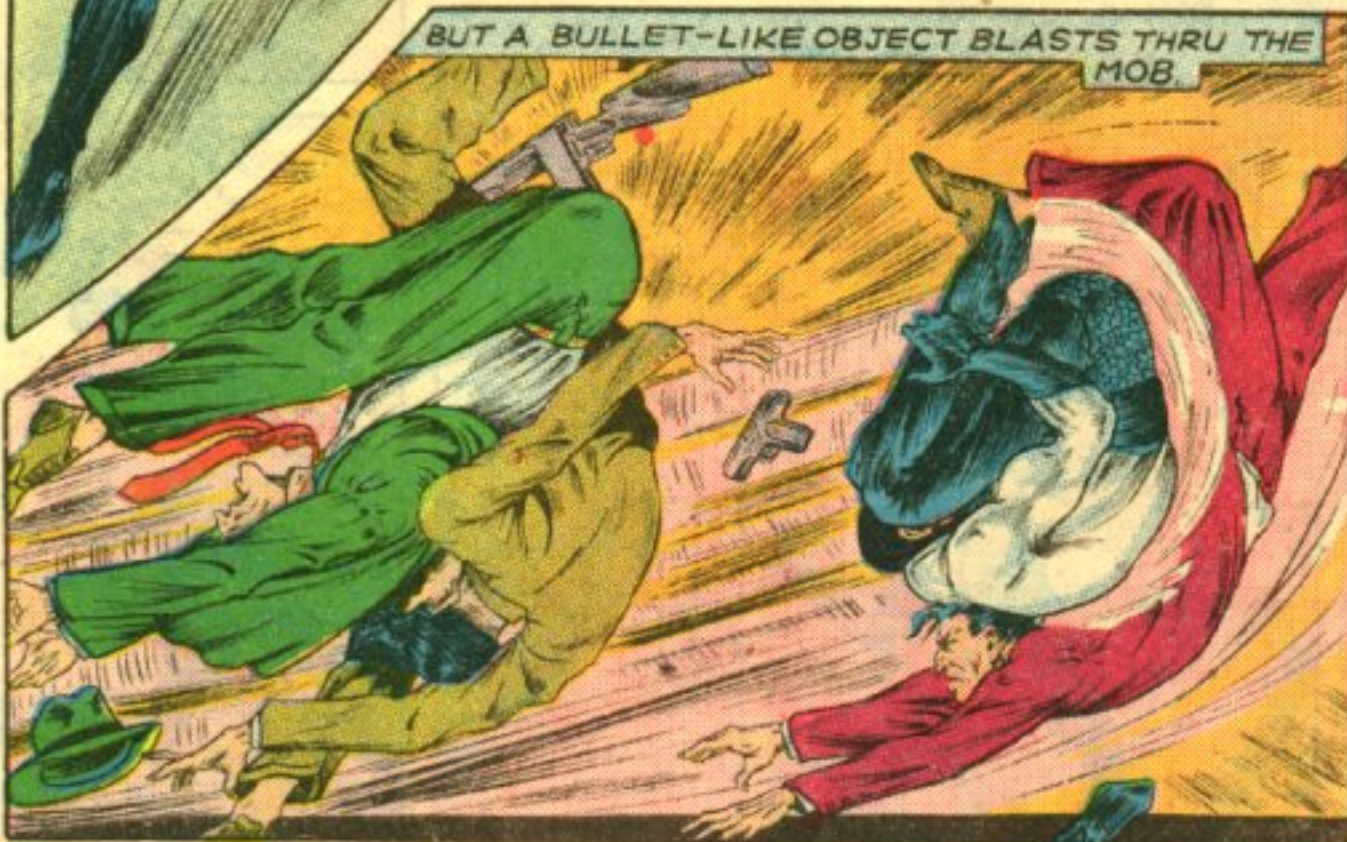
I-I HAD TO..  
THEY CONVICTED  
ME OF MURDER AND  
I DIDN'T DO A THING! I DON'T  
MIND SPENDING A YEAR UP  
TH' RIVER FOR PUGGELLO..  
BUT I'M NOT GOIN'  
TO TH' CHAIR  
FOR HIM!



AND BEHIND THE MEN  
THE SINISTER FIGURE OF  
QUICKSILVER DROPS..

IN A SECLUDED ALLEY...

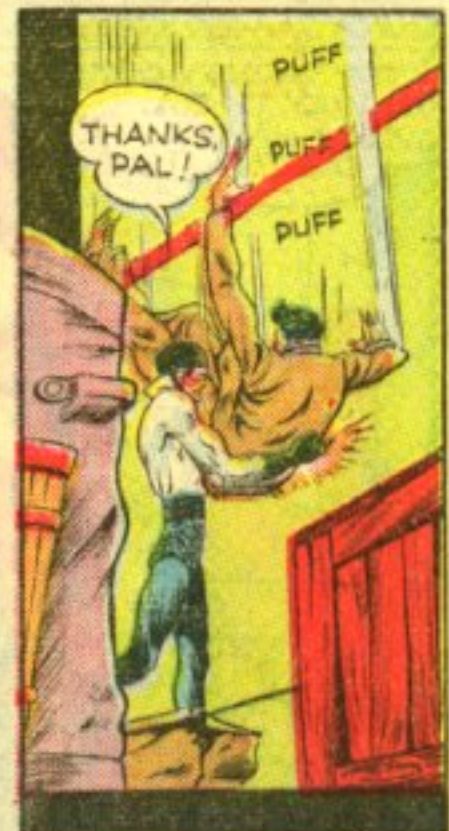




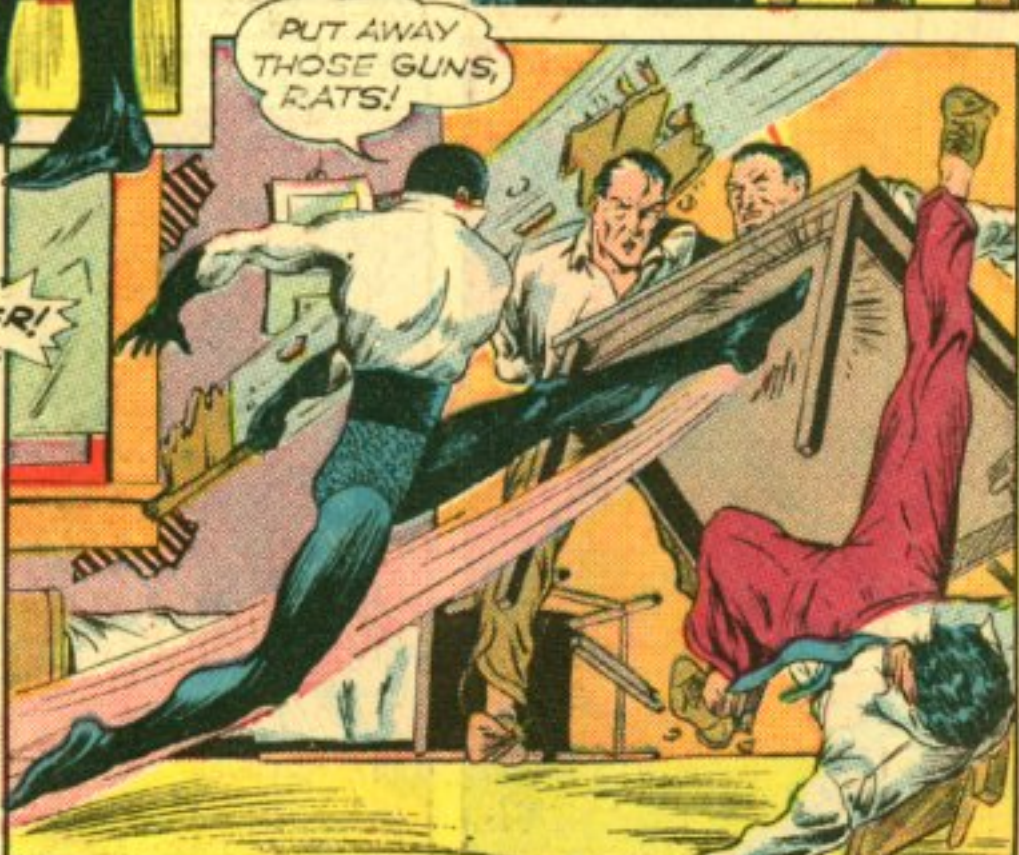
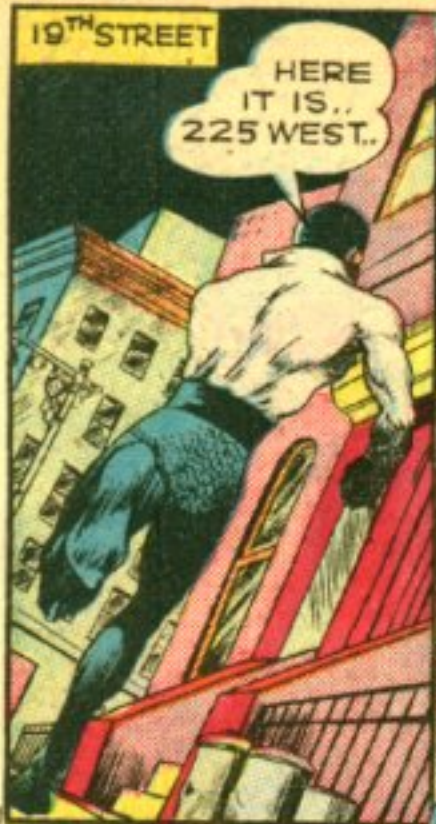














WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, PUGGELLO'S HIDEOUT HOLDS A MINIATURE HURRICANE..



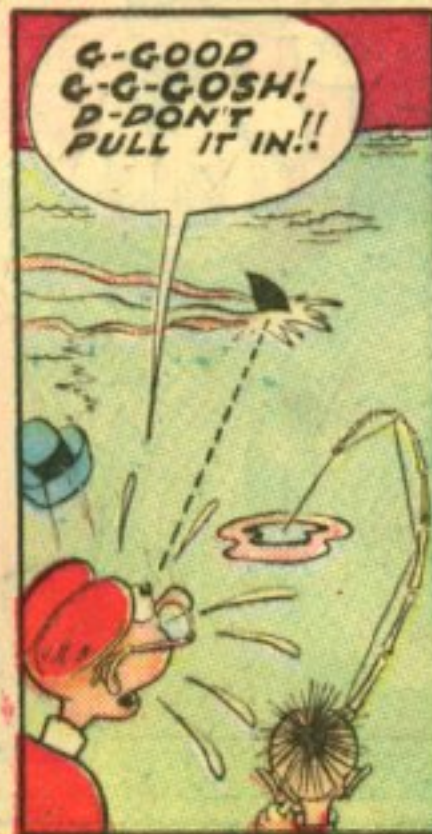
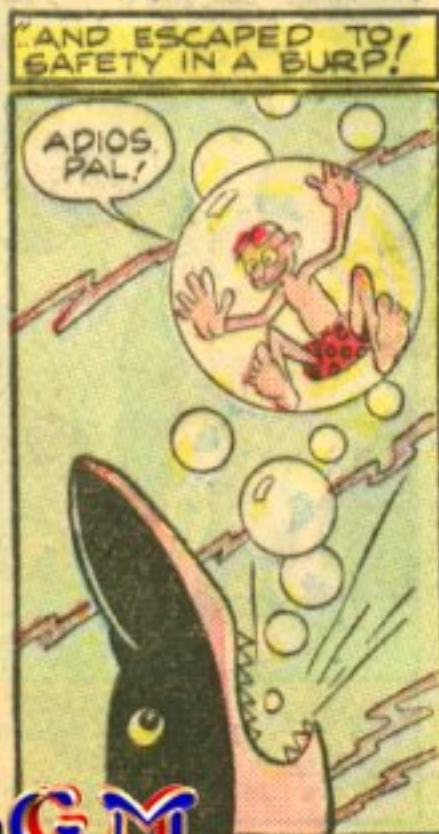
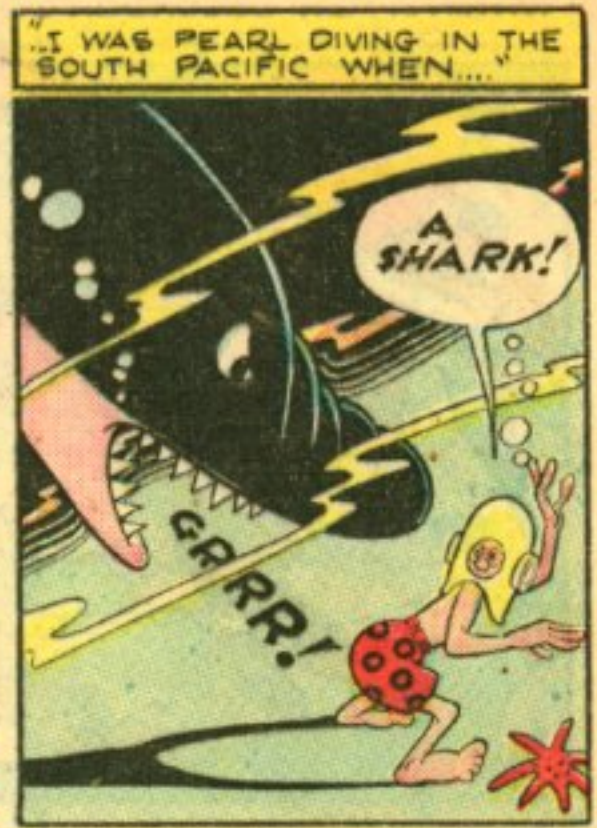
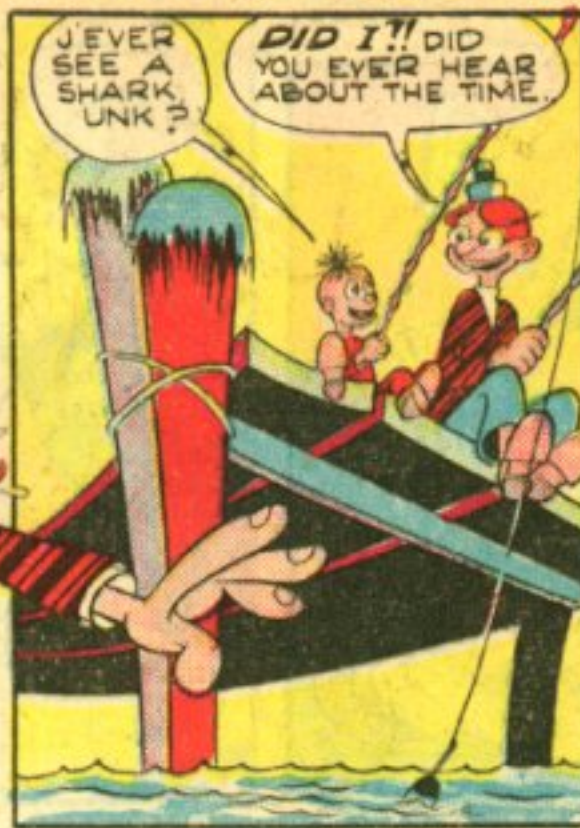
A SHORT TIME LATER, PUGGELLO 'ROLLS' ALONG..

WATCH OUT! QUICKSILVER STRIKES AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE



PAGE 38

# Windy Breeze





# Kid Patrol

by Dan Wilson



WHOOOSH! IS IT A SPOOK,  
OR JUST THE WIND  
WAILING THROUGH  
THE TREES? WHAT'S  
THE SECRET OF  
CREEPY CREEK,  
WHERE THE KID  
PATROL GOES ON  
A CAMPING TRIP?

TEDDY, SUNSHINE AND PORKY  
MEET PAT MALONE, THEIR  
POLICEMAN BUDDY WHO IS  
ALSO LEADER OF THE 'TENTH  
STREET BOYS CLUB'...

YOU FELLOWS MUST HIKE TEN  
MILES INTO THE WOODS  
AND CAMP OVERNIGHT TO  
BECOME STAR  
RANGERS.

OH BOY!  
LET'S GET  
GOING!

SHO'  
'NUFF!

LEAVING PAT, THE KIDS SOON  
FILL THEIR PACKS.

COME ON,  
TEDDY. WE'VE  
GOT A LONG  
WAY TO GO  
BEFORE  
SUNDOWN.

THERE'S  
SUNSHINE'S  
UNCLE. LET'S  
ASK HIM  
WHERE TO  
CAMP.

WHY DON'T YUH ALL GO UP  
YONDER TO CREEPY CREEK?  
SUNSHINE, YOU GOT  
CHORES BUT YOU FOLLER  
DE BOYS LATER.



THAT'S  
A  
SWELL  
IDEA!



TEDDY AND PORKY TREK DEEP INTO THE WOODS.



FINDING A CAMPSITE, PORKY GOES TO THE CREEK.





BACK IN TOWN SUNSHINE HAS DONE HIS CHORES...HE STARTS AFTER TEDDY AND PORKY AND MEETS SUZY.

WHERE ON EARTH ARE YOU GOING THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

A'HM GWINE TO RESCUE TEDDY AND PORKY?



THEY IS CAMPING UP AT CREEPY CREEK AN' AH JUST FOUND OUT DERE'S AN OLE HERMIT LIVIN' IN DEM WOODS, SUZY?

OH, LET ME COME ALONG TOO!



OH NO! IT AIN'T SAFE FO' NO GAL 'ROUND CREEPY CREEK, YUH ALL G'WAN HOME!



AWAH! LEGGO MAH EAR!

YOU'RE NOT GOING WITHOUT ME, MISTER SUNSHINE. COME ALONG NOW!



SUZY AND SUNSHINE REACH THE DARK SILENT FOREST.

WHY, YOU'RE SHAKING, SUNSHINE. ARE YOU AFRAID?

NO, AH AIN'T SCAIRT O' NOTHIN'. I'SE JEST A LIL' COLD!



WHO! WHO-O?



A MOMENT LATER.

GIT BACK, SUZY. THEM YELLER EYES IS COMIN' AT US!

AW, SHUCKS.. JEST AN OLE TOM CAT?



OH..IT'S JUST A HOOT OWL!

LAWSIE! AH SHO' THOUGH IT WU? A GOBLIN?



BUT DAT'S BAD LUCK WHEN A BLACK CAT CROSSES YO' PATH!

PSHAW! YOU'RE SUPER-STITCHUS, THAT'S ALL.









WEARILY, THE KIDS FALL FAST ASLEEP. AT DAWN, SUNSHINE IS SUDDENLY AWAKENED.



THE BLOODHOUND BOUNDS OFF WITH THE KIDS CLOSE BEHIND.



A SURPRISE AWAITS THEM AT THE CREEK.



THE HERMIT TAKES THEM ASHORE.



THE NEIGHBORS ARE GATHERED AROUND SUZY'S HOUSE WHEN THE KIDS REACH TOWN.



PAT MALONE RUSHES TO MEET THEM.



THE KID PATROL HAS ANOTHER THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

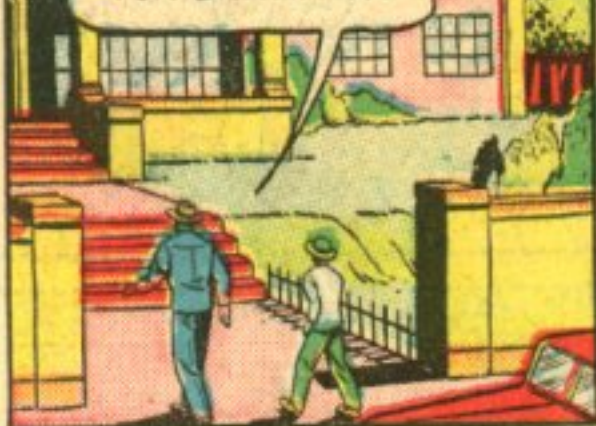


# PEN MILLER

THROUGH THE PORTALS OF THE CITY HOSPITAL. TWO FIGURES ENTER... PEN MILLER, THE FAMED COMIC BOOK ARTIST, DETECTIVE AND BANE OF THE UNDERWORLD.. AND HIS LITTLE ORIENTAL VALET.

By Klaus

WELL, HERE I GO, NIKI... TO GIVE SOME OF MY BLOOD FOR BRITAIN...



SOON PEN IS ON HIS BACK, DONATING THE SORELY NEEDED VITAL FLUID TO THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY.



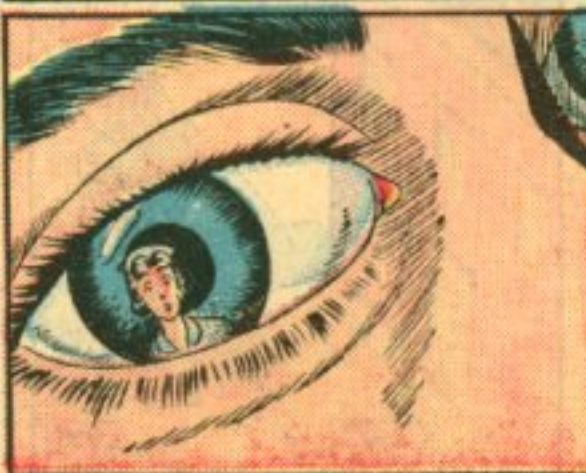
JUST REST THERE ABOUT HALF AN HOUR, MR. MILLER.. THEN YOU CAN GET UP AND GO HOME...



A CURIOUS THING HAPPENS. THE NURSE JABS A NEEDLE THROUGH THE RUBBER CAP ON THE BOTTLE OF BLOOD.



THE GIRL STIFFENS AS SHE SEES THE CARTOONIST'S EYES TAKING IN HER ACTIONS...

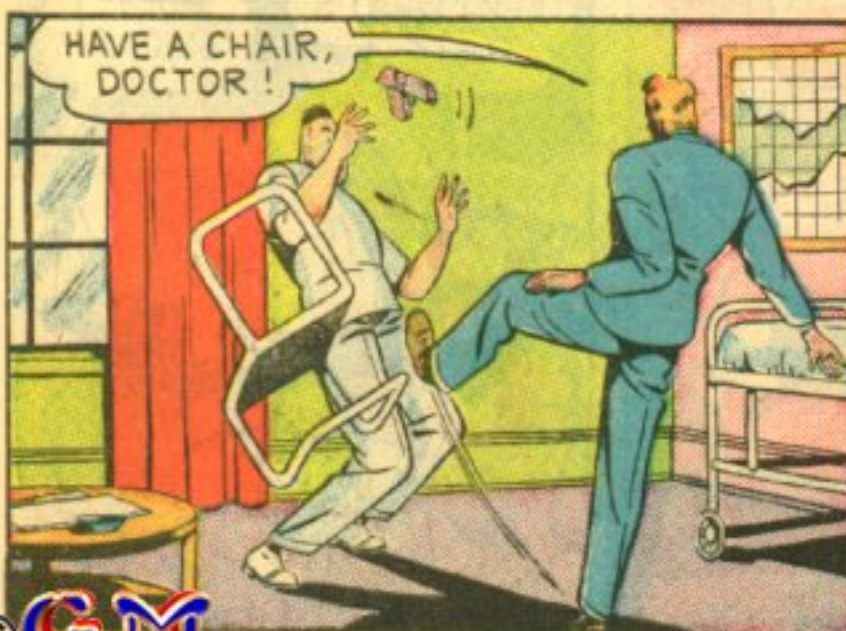


IS THAT A PART OF YOUR REGULAR ROUTINE, MISS?

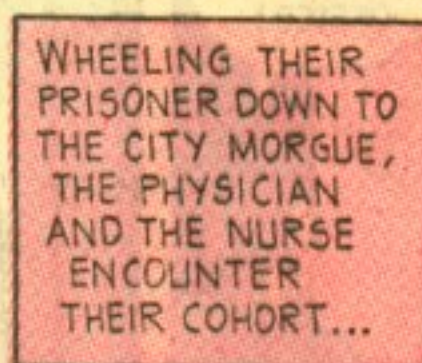
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.













THE SPECTRAL  
FIGURE  
SHIVERS  
AND GROANS..



A-AM I  
DREAMING?

I-I- ISN'T HE  
S-SUPPOSED  
TO BE D-DEAD?



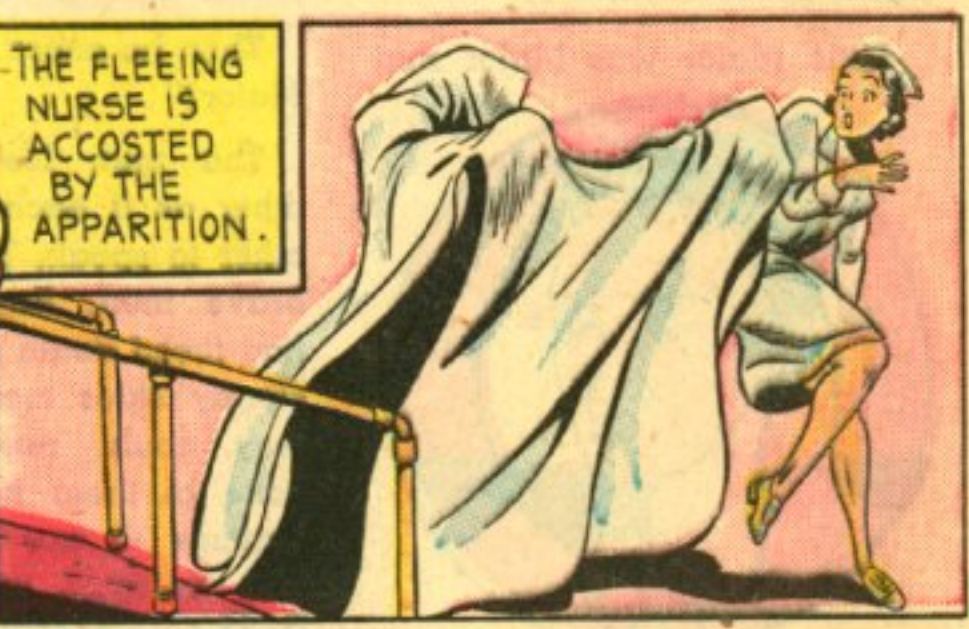
THE MIST CLEARS FROM  
PEN'S EYES.. HE SEES  
HIS OPPORTUNITY..



YOU COULD USE A  
FORMALDEHYDE  
BATH YOURSELF!



THE FLEEING  
NURSE IS  
ACCOSTED  
BY THE  
APPARITION.



MISSY  
REMAIN PRESENT,  
PLEASE!



NIKI! YOU LITTLE  
GOBLIN!



PHEW! LET ME OUT  
OF THIS MESSY  
STUFF! BLUB!!



A COMPLETE CON-  
FESSION FROM YOU..  
AND YOU CAN DRY  
OFF IN A NICE,  
COZY CELL...

LATER.. AT THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE..



THEY'RE PAID BY A FOREIGN  
GOVERNMENT TO POISON  
EVERY BOTTLE OF BLOOD  
YOU SEND TO ENGLAND!  
CALL THE WAGON!

MILLER, IT'S  
UNCANNY THE  
WAY YOU UNCOVER  
CRIMINAL  
PLOTS..



I'VE GOT TO.. HOW  
ELSE AM I TO  
GET STORIES FOR  
MY COMIC PAGES,  
EH, NIKI?



GLACIOUS, MIST'  
MILLER.. WHAT  
KIND TROUBLE  
WE GO THOUGH  
NEXT TIME?



# HALF-MAST

by ANTHONY LAMB

Little Major had noticed that the flag was only half-way up the white pole but he was too excited about the new Curtis speedster that he was going to be allowed to see tested to take much notice of the flag.

Little Major was Major Bur-



nett's eight-year-old pride and joy and he had early grown wings on his heart. He was cut from the same pattern as the Army flyer, and World War ace, his father.

Now he jumped from the staff car that had brought him from the station and rushed to the field. All the way from school he had thought about the new plane, all the time he was riding on the land-locked train. She was supposed to leap from the ground like a grasshopper in the fastest take-off ever seen. His Dad had written that no cloud-climber could beat her for gaining altitude. And—that must be her now! Little Major shouted a greeting to the men gathered around a shining new bird.

He was so interested and so busy asking questions which

he answered himself all in one breath, that Little Major didn't notice the silence that greeted him. He didn't hear the strain in the men's voices as they said, "Hullo there, Little Major. How's the man?"

Then he asked, "Where's the Major?"

The men looked at each other as if each expected another to speak. These were all brave men. Army men who had faced death and danger in stormy skies more times than they could remember — but none of them had the moral fortitude to answer Little Major's question. Where was his Dad?

Finally one of them spoke thickly, "I don't know."

The other's let it pass for it was true enough.

"When are you going to take her up?" asked Little Major.

"Well there's already been one test," Captain Hartney said, looking over Little Major's head and up into the sky as if he were watching for a plane that would never come out of it. "Your—your Dad wanted to wait till you came, but there were some big Army men here that wanted to see it and had to make an early train back. But—" he added quickly, seeing Little Major's look of acute disappointment, "There'll be another test—this plane hasn't gone up yet. It was another one your father tested."

"Hey, fellas what do you say

we take Little Major over to the Comm and tank him up on some freeze fuel. I hear they've whipped up a batch of strawberry ice cream——"

The others welcomed this inspired suggestion at once and Little Major certainly wasn't going to vote NO, although he was more interested in the plane at the time.

He stuffed himself full and the officers sat around him and talked. The ice-cream was too good for him to notice that every once in a while the men grew silent and one would start to speak and then not say anything and look to the others for help.

"Say, that was good," Little Major said as he ran his tongue over his lips for a last delicious taste. "That reminds me, I'll go in and see Cooky, maybe he's got some cakes." He started to go, remembered his manners, turned back and stood at attention. "You'll pardon me, sirs?"

"Sure, go ahead, Little Major," Captain Hartney looked at the rest with a shrug as if to say—How can we tell him? Little Major found Cooky mixing up a batter of something, as usual. But he did notice this time that the jolly man seemed surprised to see him.





"Hullo, Cooky," he said. "I'm going to see my Dad test the Curtis."

Cooky ran his fingers fondly across Little Major's head and said, "That'll be fine, son. B-but—where's your Dad?"

Just then Taps, the black kitten, scooted across the floor and Little Major dived under the table after it without answering.

Wonder what's wrong with everybody, he thought, they're all treating me so nice and careful—like I had a broken leg or the measles or sumpin'.

He caught the elusive Taps and sat beneath a table fondling the furry animal. There were two pairs of legs before him and he heard whispered voices. Ordinarily he wouldn't stop to listen to the KP's talk, but when they whisper—it means something.

What Little Major heard made him suck in his breath and blink his eyes hard to keep the scalding tears from welling up. He clutched the kitten fiercely.

"Did you hear that? The kid said his dad was going to test the Curtis. Maybe he's still alive. Maybe they only said he was killed when the first Curtis crashed because he had found out somethin' and they were afraid whoever done it would get out of camp before they could catch them. You blunderin' dope, maybe he found the saw you left there and they're checkin' up. We better clear out of here now!"

"I couldn't help leavin' the saw. Someone came along—I got rattled. Aw, he couldn't have lived thru that wreck! We'll get out tonight. We're off duty then. They won't suspect nothin'!"

The men moved on. Little Major's eyes were dry now and his chin stuck out in a determined square line. Standing up, he saw their faces and grabbed

a knife that the one man had been using. He hurried out to the field and ran like the wind till he came to a wrecked plane that had been towed behind the hangar. Little Major searched quickly and carefully. At last he found it. A small saw—one that could cut dangerously thru delicate wires and fine steel instruments—just enough to make them break under the strain of flying. He handled both the knife and the saw carefully—wrapping them in his handkerchief, and carried them to the staff office. Here he grimly demanded that they be examined for fingerprints. Everyone was very obliging. They seemed to want to humor him. Little Major understood why but said nothing. He had a job to do but he had to make sure he was on the right track. The prints were identical on both the kitchen knife and the saw.

Little Major went back to the kitchen and walked up to the two men he had heard talking.

"My father wants to see you at headquarters," he said.

White faced, they followed. There were too many men watching for them to make a break.

Little Major strode into his father's office where Captain Hartney was sitting with the other officers. He held the knife and saw in his hands and said in a loud voice, before the other two were in the room. "Major Burnett, these are the two men who sabotaged your plane. Here is the proof."

The men had stepped into the room and saw at once that they had been tricked. But the startled officers understood the Little Major's trick at once and the men were put under immediate arrest.

Captain Hartney gravely took Little Major's hand between his two brown ones. "We should have told you ourselves, it wouldn't have been so hard for you," he said when he had

heard Little Major's story.

"But if you had told me, sir, I would never have discovered the spies and they might have done more damage. More men may have died."

"Little Major," said Captain Hartney seriously, "you're not a 'little' major any more. I think you've grown up into a very big one."

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# Paul BUNYAN

TB4  
Storey  
Weaver



DOWN FROM THE NORTH WOODS ROAMS PAUL BUNYAN, THE COLOSSAL LUMBERJACK WHOSE STRONG-MAN FEATS ARE ENVIED BY ALL HE-MEN...

AT A RANCH IN THE COLORADO FOOTHILLS PAUL APPLIES FOR A JOB AS A COWHAND.



LET'S SEE IF YOU KIN ROPE THAT STEER!

TAKE THIS LARIAT! HE'S AN ORNERY ONE!

THANKS, MISS... BUT I DON'T NEED IT!

NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I BRING DOWN BEEF ON THE HOOF!



PAUL LEAPS ONTO THE WILD ANIMAL FOR A ROUGH RIDE.







CALM DOWN,  
LIL' DOGIE.  
THE BOSS  
WANTS  
TO SEE  
YOU!



PAUL FORCES THE STEER TO  
SUBMIT AND CARRY HIM  
BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE.

HERE WE  
ARE, FOLKS!

GREAT WORK,  
BUNYAN, YOU'RE  
HIRED!

OH, YOU  
WERE  
WONDERFUL!



SOON AFTER PAUL IS OUT ON  
THE RANGE, GUARDING THE  
GRAZING HERD.

GOTTA KEEP AN  
EYE PEELED FOR  
RUSTLERS AN'  
COYOTES!

SUDDENLY A BAND OF OUTLAWS  
GALLOPS DOWN THE RAVINE  
FIRING THEIR SIX-SHOOTERS.



THAR THEY GO!  
A REG'LAR  
STAMPEDE!

BUT PAUL RUSHES INTO THEIR  
MIDST, THROWING THEM FROM  
THEIR HORSES



TWO MEN TRY TO "DRY  
GULCH" PAUL



EF HOSSES CAIN'T  
STOP THET BIG HOMBRE  
HERE'S SOMETHING  
THET WILL!

THEIR .44 SLUGS ZIP PAST  
PAUL'S HEAD.



WAR, EH?  
THEN WATCH  
OUT, FELLAS!



HERE  
IT  
COMES!

HIS HUGE MISSILE SMASHES THE  
BOULDERS.



LEAPIN' LIKE  
GRASSHOPPERS  
FROM A HAYSTACK!



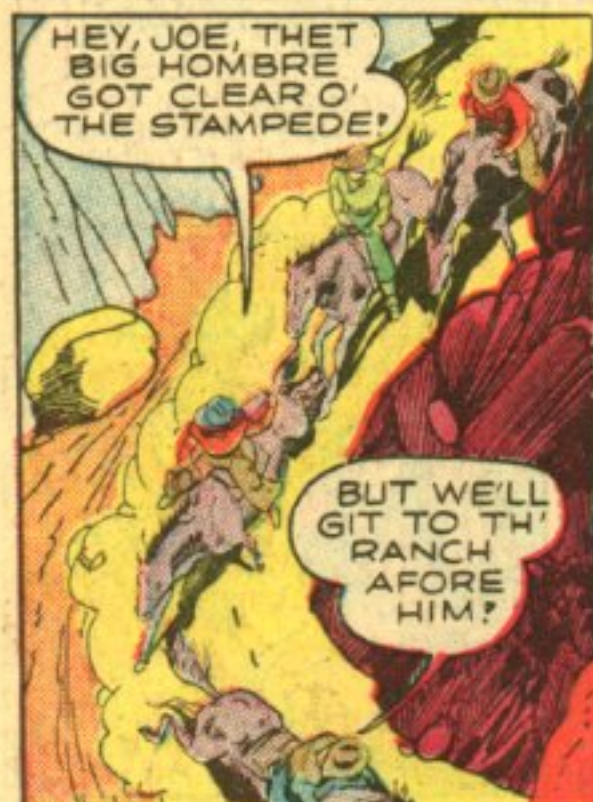
BUT THE THUNDERING HERD NOW SURROUNDS HIM...



PAUL LEAPS UP AND TAKES A SHORT CUT OVER THE BACK ROAD...



THE OUTLAW LEADER CHECKS HIS FRIGHTENED HORSE.



PAUL SEES THEIR RUSE.



HE JUMPS ON A PAIR OF WILD STEERS AND HEADS DOWNHILL.



THE SNORTING BEASTS CHARGE A RUSTLER OUTSIDE THE CORRAL.



THE BARRICADED DOOR SPLINTERS UNDER THE TERRIFIC IMPACT OF PAUL'S BODY...







YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR THE LAST ROUND-UP?



THE OUTLAWS FLEE IN TERROR OUT THE BACK DOOR.

DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY, PAUL!

GANGWAY! I AIN'T FIGHTIN' THIS FELLA!



THE SUDDEN RUSH THROWS WILD FRIGHT INTO THE HORSES.

COME ON, BOYS. LET'S GET OUTTA HERE AFORE HE GRABS US!

BUT PAUL HAS SNATCHED UP THREE LARIATS.



THIS IS GONNA BE A TRICKY SHOT!

THE ROPES CUT THE AIR WITH A SHARP GWISH.



AND LOOP OVER THE STARTLED RUSTLERS.



DURN IT! HE'S GOT US NOW!

PAUL QUICKLY HAULS IN HIS CAPTIVES.



AND LOADS THEM INTO A BUCKBOARD.



I'M TAKIN' THESE FELLAS TO THE SHERIFF, MISS!

HE'S THE DANGED BEST COWHAND I EVER DID SEE. GOT MORE PUNCH THAN A THREE YEAR OLD LONG-HORN, AIN'T HE?

OH, DAD.. HE'S JUST WONDERFUL!



PAUL BUNYAN THROWS HIS AMAZING STRENGTH INTO A WHIRLWIND OF ACTION IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.





JACK AND JILL ARE STROLLING THROUGH THE SHOPPING DISTRICT.

THAT'S A CATCHY TUNE, EH, JILL?

YES, JACK... BUT DID YOU HEAR A SHOT?

HUH? OH! THAT'S JUST A TRUCK BACKFIRING! WHO'D KILL ANYTHING BUT TIME ON A DAY LIKE THIS?

CUT IT, JACK! LOOK! THAT KID!

GEE, IT'S LUCKY YOU AND JILL CAME ALONG! SOMEBODY WUZ MOIDERED UPSTAIRS!

LEAD THE WAY, SKIP!

SEE? I WAS RIGHT, JACK!



THEY HASTEN INTO A SHABBY ROOMING HOUSE AND FIND THE LANDLADY WITH THE VICTIM.

WE'RE JACK AND JILL! HE IS.. WAS MISTER DOE! WHO IS THIS MAN? RANDALL!



SOBBING, MRS. BRADY EXPLAINS.

YES, HE'S DEAD.. AND THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM GOT AWAY.. BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND. JOHN RANDALL WAS POOR AND HAD NO ENEMIES.. HE CAME IN A WHILE AGO, WHISTLING THAT NEW SONG, "YELLOW MOON!"



JACK AND JILL TURN QUICKLY AND HEAD FOR THE STAIRS..

THANKS, MRS. BRADY. JACK WILL WORK ON THAT SONG!



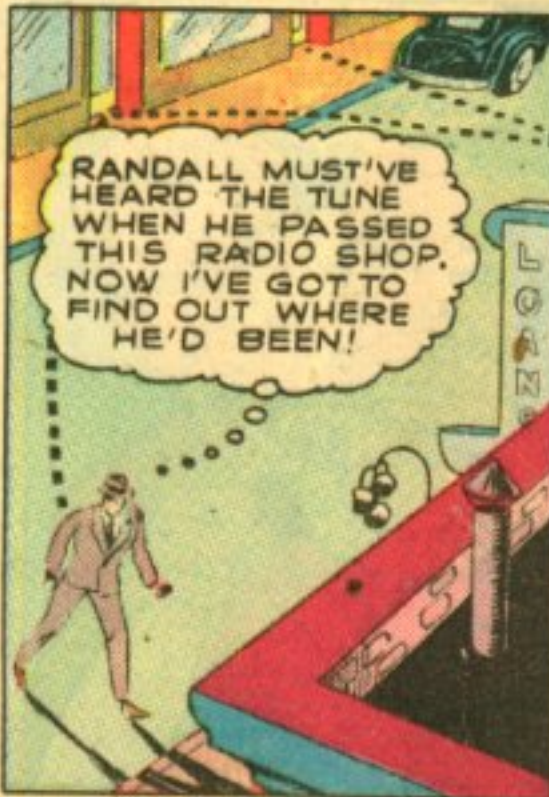
YES.. AND THE WATCH-CHAIN WITHOUT THE WATCH IS A GOOD CLUE!

I'LL GO HOME, JACK AND DEVELOP THE FINGERPRINTS ON RANDALL'S WALLET!

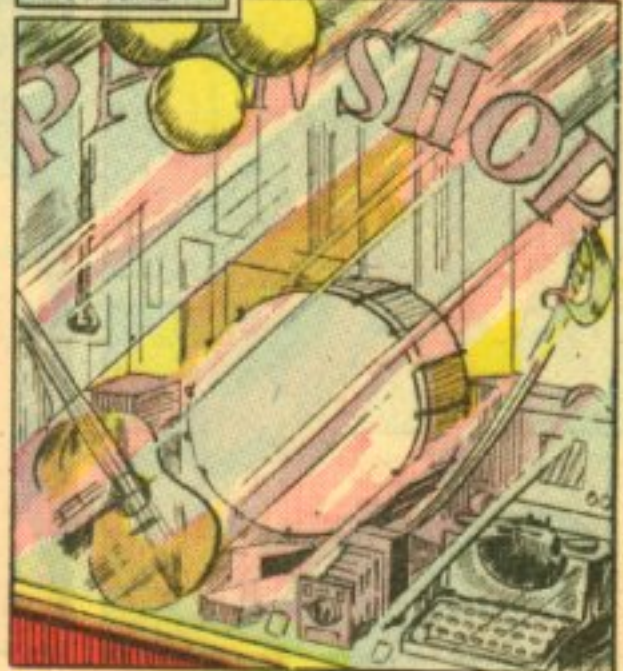
OKAY, JILL, BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE KILLER DIDN'T TAKE THE TEN DOLLAR BILL IN IT!



RANDALL MUST'VE HEARD THE TUNE WHEN HE PASSED THIS RADIO SHOP. NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE HE'D BEEN!



JACK STOPS BEFORE A SMALL PAWNSHOP WINDOW.. HE GETS A HOT HUNCH AND STEPS INSIDE..



WAS JOHN RANDALL IN HERE A WHILE AGO?

ER, YES..

NO! THE MAN'S NAME WAS CRANDALL!



BEFORE JACK CAN DODGE, A BIG FELLOW SWINGS A SMASHING BLOW.

I THINK THIS GUY IS SUSPICIOUS!



BUT JILL APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

TAKE CARE OF THAT LADY CUSTOMER WHILE! THROW THIS BIRD OUT BACK!

MAYBE RANDALL PAWNED HIS WATCH HERE!

ER.. YES, MAM?





## JILL PLAYS A HUNCH TOO.



## JILL QUICKLY DRAWS A SMALL AUTOMATIC FROM HER PURSE..



## BUT THE BIG FELLOW SURPRISES JILL..



## IN THE BACK ROOM, JACK HAS RECOVERED FROM THE BLOW.



## JACK SWINGS IN WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT.



## NOW MAYBE WE CAN TALK ABOUT THE LATE JOHN RANDALL!





THE PAWNBROKER HAS SNATCHED JILL'S AUTOMATIC.



HE PUSHES JILL ASIDE AND FIRES ONCE.



THE PAWNBROKER'S PARTNER RISES WEAKLY, CLUTCHING HIS WOUNDED ARM.



WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF STRENGTH, THE BURLY PARTNER SHOVS JACK OFF HIS FEET.



BUT HIS PARTNER DROPS JILL'S GUN AND LEAPS OUT THE DOOR.



JACK APPEARS SUDDENLY OUTSIDE.



THE PAWNBROKER EXPLAINS AS THE POLICE CLOSE IN.

MY PARTNER FORCES ME INTO THESE CROOKED DEALS... I LOANED RANDALL TEN DOLLARS ON HIS WATCH THEN BLOCK KILLED HIM SO HE COULDN'T REDEEM IT!



NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST.



JACK AND JILL ARE HEADING FOR ANOTHER ACTION-PACKED CASE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.



# Miss Winky

The All-American Girl

by  
ARTHUR BEEMAN

GEE, I WONDER  
HOW I'LL MAKE  
OUT TODAY?



I FILED THE ARROW  
HEADS EXTRA SHARP  
SO THEY'LL STICK  
EASILY -

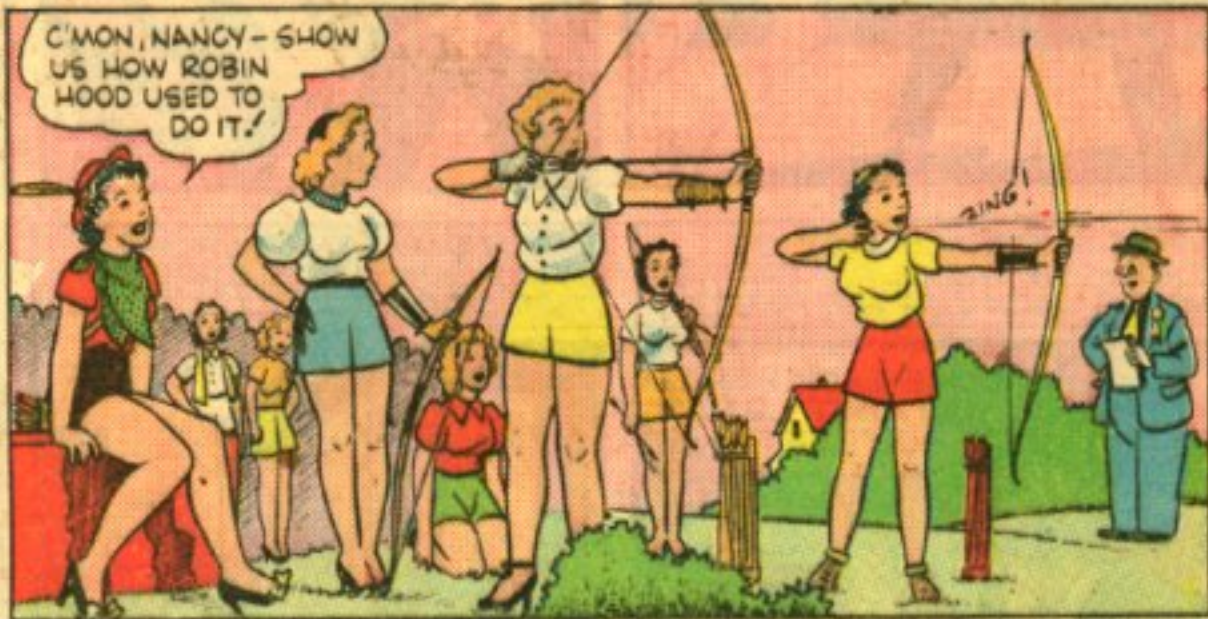


HI-THERE,  
GLADYS! AM  
I LATE?

NO, BUT  
WE'RE JUST  
ABOUT TO  
START



C'MON, NANCY - SHOW  
US HOW ROBIN  
HOOD USED TO  
DO IT!



THE NEXT GIRL  
TO SHOOT WILL  
BE MISS WINKY -  
LE'S GO!



GOOD  
LUCK,  
KID!



RUN UP AND  
SEE WHERE IT  
LANDED  
WINK!



DID YOU HIT  
THE BULL'S-  
EYE?



WELL --  
NOT EXACTLY!



GRRR!



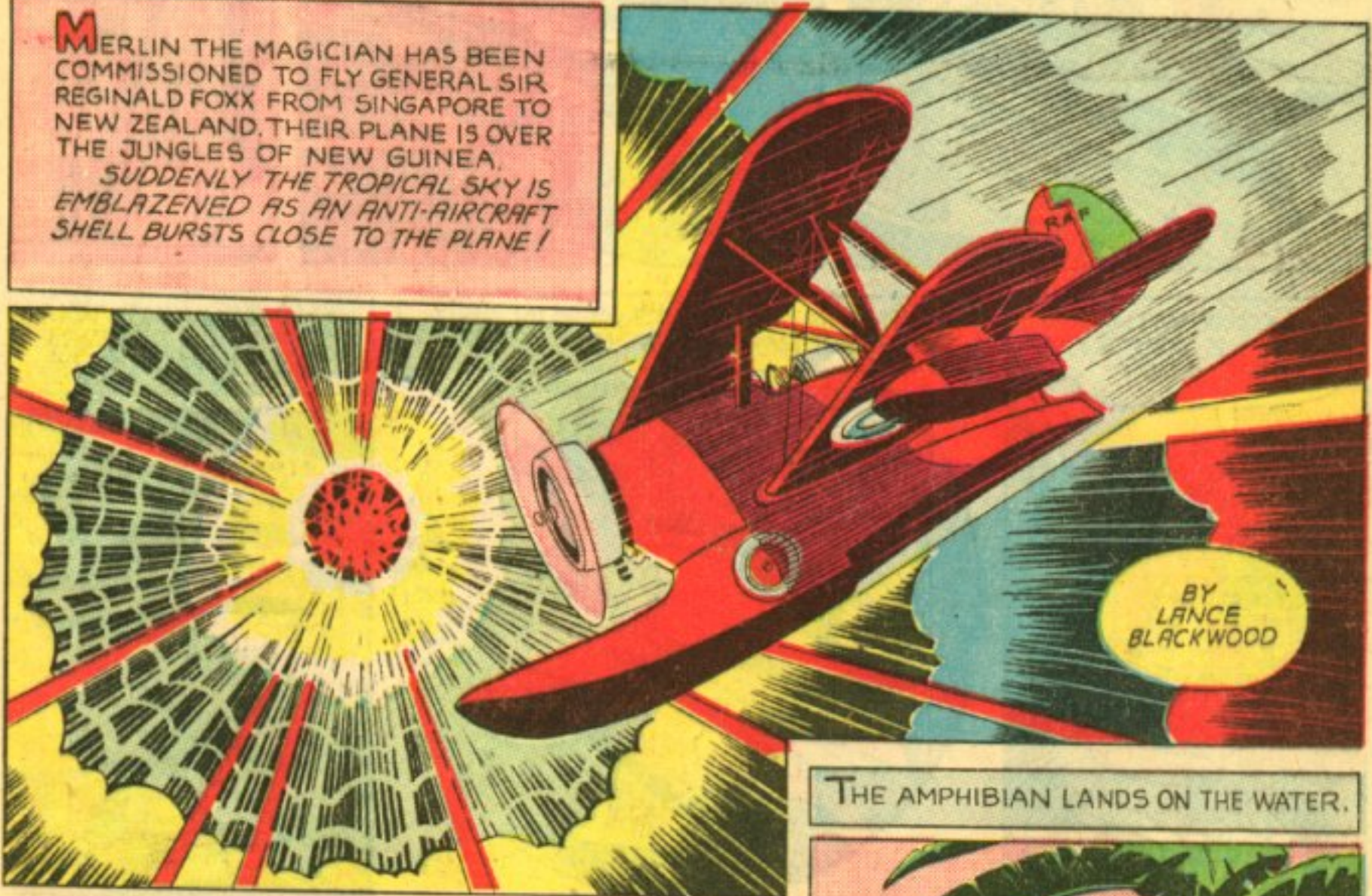


# MERLIN

## THE MAGICIAN

**M**ERLIN THE MAGICIAN HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED TO FLY GENERAL SIR REGINALD FOXX FROM SINGAPORE TO NEW ZEALAND. THEIR PLANE IS OVER THE JUNGLES OF NEW GUINEA.

SUDDENLY THE TROPICAL SKY IS EMBLAZONED AS AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELL BURSTS CLOSE TO THE PLANE!



THE AMPHIBIAN LANDS ON THE WATER.

HANG ON, GENERAL! WE'RE GOING DOWN! OUR MOTOR'S DAMAGED, BUT I CAN GLIDE TO A LANDING!

WITH THE MOTOR SILENT, THE MAGICIAN STEERS THE PLANE TOWARD A SMALL LAKE

MAYBE THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE PILOTS REPORTED MISSING LAST WEEK!



THAT WAS A GOOD LANDING, MERLIN! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENS NOW?





FROM THE JUNGLE SHORES OF THE LAKE FIERCE NATIVES PADDLE OUT IN DUGOUT CANOES!

CAPTURE THEM ALIVE!



LOOK! WE HAVE COMPANY!

BUT THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE FIRED THAT SHELL AT US!



WE'LL LET THEM CAPTURE US AND THEY'LL PROBABLY TAKE US TO WHO-EVER DID FIRE THAT GUN!



YOU COME WITH US- WE TAKE YOU TO WHITE GOD!



IN THE NATIVE BOATS MERLIN AND THE GENERAL ARE TAKEN UPRIVER-



AND BROUGHT TO A SETTLEMENT HEWN OUT OF THE JUNGLE.



I SAY! THERE'S THE CANNON THAT SHOT US DOWN!

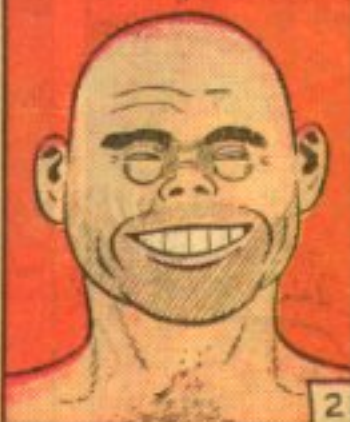


FROM OUT OF THE MAIN BUILDING A WHITE MAN STEPS.

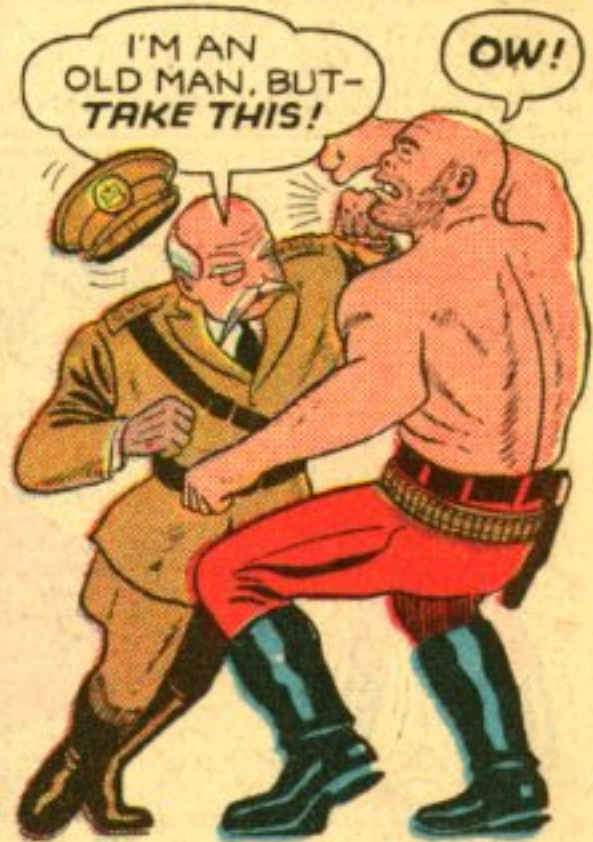
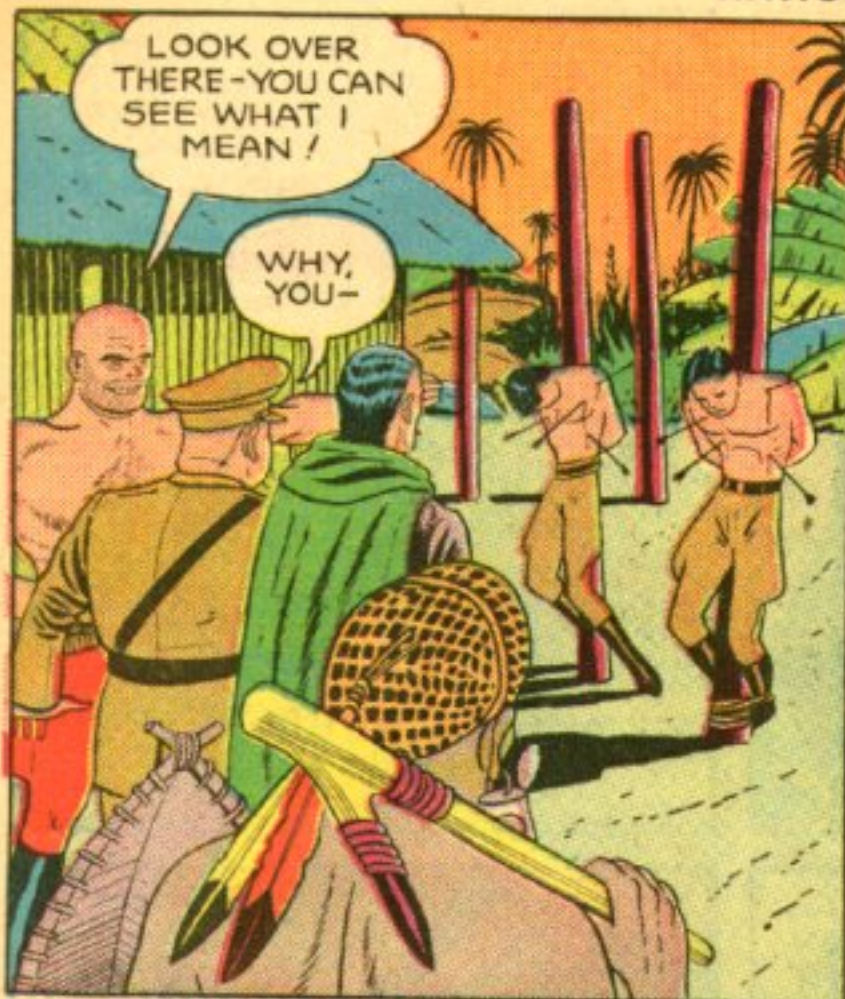
GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN! WE ARE HONORED BY YOUR VISIT!



BUT I'M SO SORRY YOU CAN'T STAY WITH US. YOU BETTER GET READY TO DE-PART FROM HERE, AND THIS WORLD! HA, HA, HO!

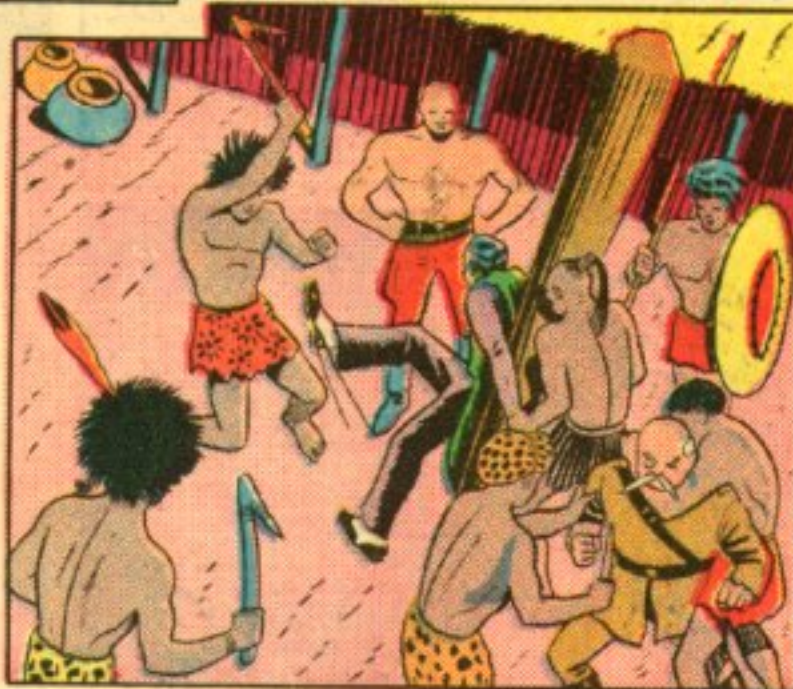






QUICKLY THE TWO PRISONERS ARE TIED TO A STAKE!

BUT WITH EYES BLAZING MERLIN SHOUTS A MAGIC COMMAND!



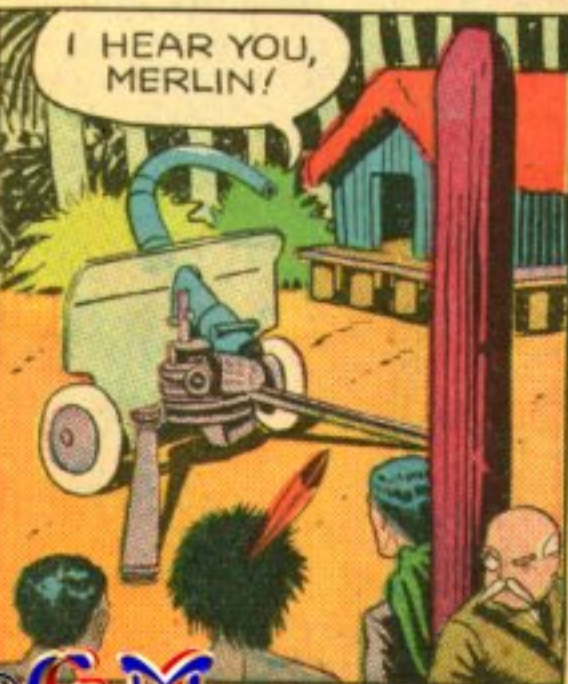
ITNA-TFARCRIA NUG! TOOHS TAHT YMENE FO NAITIRB!



AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN SWINGS AROUND-

AND PRONOUNCES SENTENCE ON THE WHITE VILLAIN OF THE JUNGLE!

THE HORRIFIED NATIVES DIVE INTO THE BRUSH!

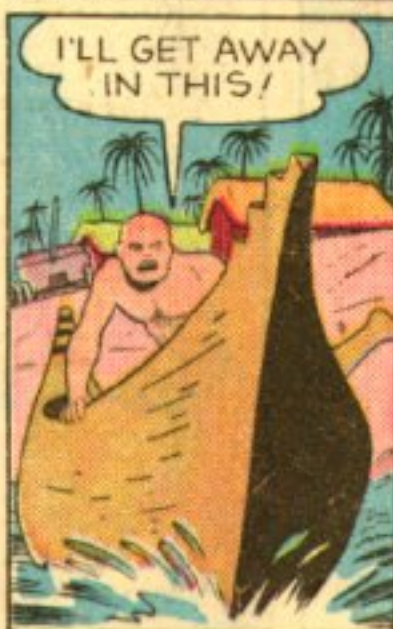




ERNST TRIES TO ESCAPE, BUT NO MATTER WHERE HE TURNS THE CANNON IS ALWAYS IN FRONT OF HIM!



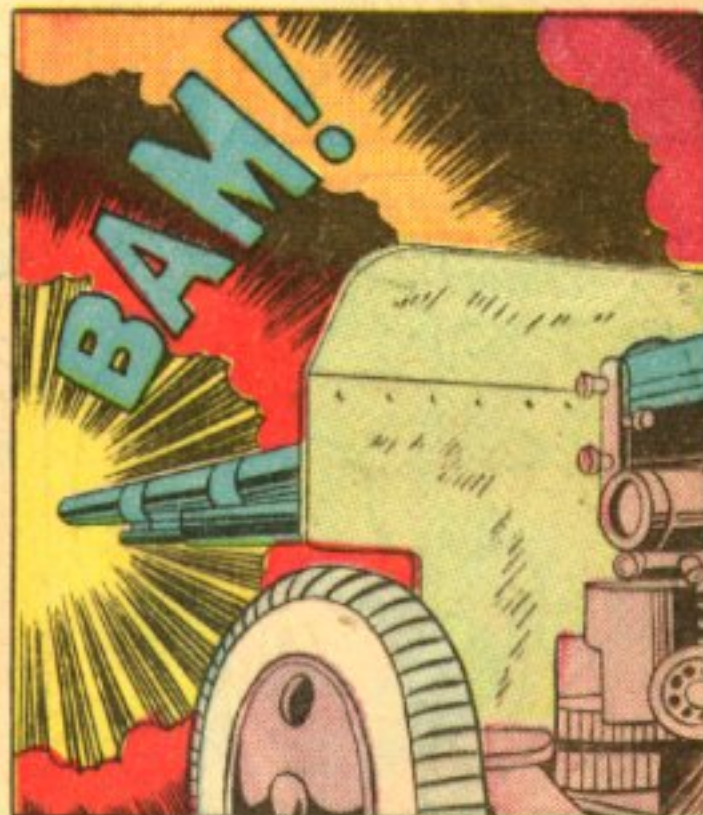
FINALLY BACKED TO THE RIVER'S EDGE THE KILLER JUMPS IN A NATIVE BOAT.



PADDLING FOR ALL HE IS WORTH ERNST HEADS TO MIDSTREAM.



BUT BACK ON SHORE THE GUN AIMS ITSELF AT THE BOAT AND CATCHES ITS FLOATING TARGET IN THE CROSS-HAIR SIGHT!



THE EXPLODING SHELL BLOWS THE FIFTH COLUMN SPY AND HIS FRAIL CRAFT OUT OF THE WATER!



AS ERNST FALLS TO THE WATER A HUNGRY CROCODILE WAITS FOR HIM!



GRIPPED IN THE LETHAL JAWS OF THE HUGE REPTILE, THE WHITE KILLER SINKS TO HIS DOOM.







UNDER THE MAGICIAN'S INFLUENCE TWO DRUMSTICKS TAP OUT A MESSAGE ON THE NATIVE TOM-TOM!



THE TOM-TOM BEATS ARE HEARD AT VARIOUS VILLAGES AND FORWARDED TO THE FORT.



AT FORT MORESBY.

DRUM MESSAGE FROM INTERIOR SAYS TWO WHITE AVIATORS DOWN ON LAKE HABBEMA!



A SEAPLANE FLIES FROM THE FORT IN SEARCH OF MERLIN AND THE GENERAL.





BACK IN THE JUNGLE MERLIN AND SIR REGINALD HAVE MADE FRIENDS WITH THE NATIVES!



HAIL TO ENGLAND!  
WE'LL FIGHT AGAINST  
HER ENEMIES!

PRESENTED WITH A  
BOAT, THE MAGICIAN  
AND THE GENERAL  
PADDLE TO THEIR  
SEAPLANE.



I THINK  
I HEAR AN AIRPLANE  
MOTOR!

OVERHEAD THE RESCUE PARTY  
SPIES THE STRANDED PLANE.



THERE THEY ARE - WE'LL  
LAND IMMEDIATELY!

I'LL  
GET THE  
INFLATED  
RAFT  
READY.

HOW DID  
IT HAPPEN,  
SIR?

KILLER ERNST HAD AN  
ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN  
BACK IN THE JUNGLE,  
BUT HE WON'T BOTHER  
ANYBODY AGAIN!



IN A FEW HOURS THE DAMAGED  
MOTOR IN MERLIN'S PLANE IS FIXED.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, NOW, SIR.  
ALL YOU NEED IS SOME  
GASOLINE!

I'LL  
SEE  
WHAT I  
CAN DO!



ENILOSAG,  
RAEPPA!



AT THE SOUND OF MERLIN'S MAGIC VOICE  
SEVERAL CANS OF GASOLINE APPEAR  
ON THE WATER.



WHY - THEY'RE  
RISING UP FROM  
THE BOTTOM!

SAY - YOU'RE  
SOME  
MAGICIAN,  
MERLIN. I'M  
GLAD YOU'RE  
ON OUR  
SIDE!

THANKS,  
BOYS,  
BUT SIR  
FOXX  
AND I  
MUST BE  
OFF!



UP IN THE SKY, MERLIN  
CONTINUES ON TO HIS  
DESTINATION WHERE  
MORE ADVENTURE AND  
THRILLS AWAIT HIM!



CHEERIO!



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says FRANK LEAHY

When a friend of mine made this remark to his son, the boy turned to me to ask, "Mr. Leahy, is that true?" Before answering, I thought back a few years to teams I had played on, teams I had coached. I thought of star linemen who were short on weight, but long on courage—of slender boys weaving their way through broken fields for touchdowns. Yet most people thought them too small, too slight to play in varsity games. Then I answered the boy: "Your dad is correct, 100%. You can learn to do some one thing well enough to give you a chance to play rather than watch from the bench."

Giving all boys a chance to become active in sports was the reason I accepted the position as head of the Keds Sports Department six years ago. Naturally, I've long been interested in helping boys develop better footwork. I am now writing a book on football. It will not be for the varsity man, but for you young chaps who are eager to become first stringers some day. If you would like to have a copy when it is ready, send your name and address to Keds Department CM, United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Frank Leahy



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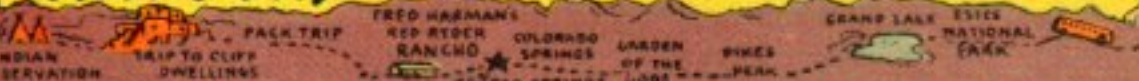


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(2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.  
(3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.  
(4) Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.  
(5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished free at your Daisy Dealer. If you write an direct for Free Official Target, enclose 5c stamp to cover our mailing-handling cost of sending Official Target to you.  
(6) Contestants must submit only one Official Bull Target. They must shoot at each bull's-eye 5 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 lowest count for score. These 25 shots must be shot consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.  
(7) Standing position without artificial support must be used.  
(8) Target must be 20 feet from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.  
(9) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score plus spiciness of thought in finishing the SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because..." in 25 words or less.  
(10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.  
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